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A VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD

By JULES VERNE

AUTHOR OF "THE ENGLISH AT THE NORTH POLE,"
"THE FIELD OF ICE," ETC. ETC.

NEW ZEALAND

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CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I. PAGE

THE MACQUARIE 1

CHAPTER II.

A WORD ABOUT THE COUNTRY THEY WERE TO VISIT . . 13

CHAPTER III.

NEW ZEALAND MASSACRES 25

CHAPTER IV.

THE BREAKERS 37

CHAPTER V.

A SCRATCH CREW 49

CHAPTER VI.

IN WHICH CANNIBALISM IS THEORETICALLY TREATED . . 61

CHAPTER VII.

IN WHICH THEY ARRIVE IN THE COUNTRY THEY SHOULD HAVE SHUNNED 71

CHAPTER VIII. PAGE

THE PRESENT STATE OF THE COUNTRY THEY REACHED . 81

CHAPTER IX.

NORTHWARD 96

CHAPTER X.

THE NATIONAL RIVER 108

CHAPTER XI.

LAKE TAUPO 122

CHAPTER XII.

THE OBSEQUIES OF A MAORI CHIEF 136

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LAST HOURS 147

CHAPTER XIV.

THE TABOOED MOUNTAIN 159

CHAPTER XV.

PAGANEL'S BRIGHT IDEA 174

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FLIGHT 186

CHAPTER XVII.

HOW THE "DUNCAN" CAME TO BE ON THE COAST OF NEW ZEALAND 199

CHAPTER XVIII. PAGE

AYRTON OR BEN JOYCE 210

CHAPTER XIX.

A BARGAIN 220

CHAPTER XX.

A CRY IN THE NIGHT 233

CHAPTER XXI.

ISLE TABOR 246

CHAPTER XXII.

JACQUES PAGANEL'S LAST FREAK 260

A VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

New Zealand.

CHAPTER I.

THE MACQUARIE.

IF ever the searchers after Captain Grant were tempted to despair, surely it was at this moment when all their hopes were destroyed at a blow. Towards what quarter of the world should they direct their endeavours? How were they to explore new countries? The *Duncan* was no longer available, and even an immediate return to their own land was out of the question. Thus the enterprise of these generous Scots had failed. Failed! a despairing word that finds no echo in a brave soul; and yet under the repeated blows of adverse fate, Glenarvan himself was compelled to acknowledge his inability to prosecute his devoted efforts.

Mary Grant at this crisis nerved herself to the resolution never to utter the name of her father. She suppressed her own anguish, when she thought of the

unfortunate crew who had perished. The daughter was merged in the friend, and she now took upon her to console Lady Glenarvan, who till now had been her faithful comforter! She was the first to speak of returning to Scotland. John Mangles was filled with admiration at seeing her so courageous and so resigned. He wanted to say a word further in the captain's interest, but Mary stopped him with a glance, and afterwards said to him,

"No, Mr. John, we must think of those who ventured their lives. Lord Glenarvan must return to Europe!"

"You are right, Miss Mary," answered John Mangles, "he must. Besides, the English authorities must be informed of the fate of the *Duncan*. But do not despair. Rather than abandon our search, I will resume it alone! I will either find Captain Grant or perish in the attempt!"

It was a serious undertaking to which John Mangles bound himself; Mary accepted it, and gave her hand to the young captain, as if to ratify the treaty. On John Mangles' side it was a life's devotion, on Mary's, undying gratitude.

During that day, their departure was finally arranged; they resolved to reach Melbourne without delay. Next day John went to inquire about the ships ready to sail. He expected to find frequent communication between Eden and Victoria.

He was disappointed; ships were scarce. Three or four vessels, anchored in Twofold Bay, constituted the

mercantile fleet of the place; none of them bound for Melbourne, nor Sydney, nor Point de Galle, from any of which ports, Glenarvan would have found ships loading for England. In fact, the Peninsular and Oriental Company has a regular line of packets between these points and England.

Under these circumstances what was to be done? Waiting for a ship might be a tedious affair, for Twofold Bay is not much frequented. Numbers of ships pass by without touching.

After due reflection and discussion, Glenarvan had nearly decided to follow the coast road to Sydney, when Paganel made an unexpected proposition.

The geographer had visited Twofold Bay on his own account, and was aware that there were no means of transport for Sydney or Melbourne.

But of the three vessels anchored in the roadstead, one was loading for Auckland, the capital of the northern island of New Zealand. Paganel's proposal was to freight the ship in question, and get to Auckland, whence it would be easy to return to Europe by the boats of the Peninsular and Oriental Company.

This proposition was taken into serious consideration. Paganel on this occasion dispensed with the volley of arguments he generally indulged in. He confined himself to the bare proposition, adding that the voyage to New Zealand was only five or six days—the distance, in fact, being only about a thousand miles.

By a singular coincidence Auckland is situated on the self-same parallel—the thirty-seventh—which the

explorers had perseveringly followed since they left the coast of Araucania. Paganel might fairly have used this as an argument in favour of his scheme; in fact, it was a natural opportunity of visiting the shores of New Zealand.

But Paganel did not lay stress on this argument. After two mistakes, he probably hesitated to attempt a third interpretation of the document. Besides, what could be made of it? It said positively that a "continent" had served as a refuge for Captain Grant, not an island. Now, New Zealand was nothing but an island. This seemed decisive. Whether for this reason, or for some other, Paganel did not connect any idea of further search with this proposition of reaching Auckland. He merely observed that regular communication existed between that point and Great Britain, and that it was easy to take advantage of it.

John Mangles supported Paganel's proposal. He advised its adoption, as it was hopeless to await the problematical arrival of a vessel in Twofold Bay. But before coming to any decision, he thought it best to visit the ship mentioned by the geographer. Glenarvan, the Major, Paganel, Robert, and Mangles himself, took a boat, and a few strokes brought them alongside the ship anchored two cables' length from the quay.

It was a brig of 150 tons, named the *Macquarie*. It was engaged in the coasting trade between the various ports of Australia and New Zealand. The captain, or rather the "master" received his visitors

gruffly enough. They perceived that they had to do with a man of no education, and whose manners were in no degree superior to those of the five sailors of his crew. With a coarse, red face, thick hands, and a broken nose, blind of an eye, and his lips stained with the pipe, Will Halley was a sadly brutal-looking person. But they had no choice, and for so short a voyage it was not necessary to be very particular.

"What do you want?" asked Will Halley, when the strangers stepped on the poop of his ship.

"The captain," answered John Mangles.

"I am the captain," said Halley. "What else do you want?"

"The *Macquarie* is loading for Auckland, I believe?"

"Yes. What else?"

"What does she carry?"

"Everything saleable and purchaseable. What else?"

"When does she sail?"

"To-morrow at the mid-day tide. What else?"

"Does she take passengers?"

"That depends on who the passengers are, and whether they are satisfied with the ship's mess."

"They would bring their own provisions."

"What else?"

"What else?"

"Yes. How many are there?"

"Nine; two of them are ladies."

"I have no cabins."

"We will manage with such space as may be left at their disposal."

"What else?"

"Do you agree?" said John Mangles, who was not in the least put out by the captain's peculiarities.

"We'll see," said the master of the *Macquarie*.

Will Halley took two or three turns on the poop, making it resound with his iron-heeled boots, and then he turned abruptly to John Mangles.

"What would you pay?" said he.

"What do you ask?" replied John.

"Fifty pounds."

Glenarvan looked consent.

"Very good! Fifty pounds," replied John Mangles.

"But passage only," added Halley.

"Yes, passage only."

"Food extra."

"Extra."

"Agreed. And now," said Will, putting out his hand, "what about the deposit money?"

"Here is half of the passage-money, twenty-five pounds," said Mangles, counting out the sum to the master who pocketed it without a word.

"All aboard to-morrow," said he, "before noon Whether or no, I weigh anchor."

"We will be punctual."

This said, Glenarvan, the Major, Robert, Paganel, and John Mangles left the ship, Halley not so much as touching the oilskin that adorned his red locks.

"What a brute!" exclaimed John.

"He will do," answered Paganel. "He is a regular sea-wolf."

"A downright bear!" added the Major.

"I fancy," said John Mangles, "that the said bear has dealt in human flesh in his time."

"What matter?" answered Glenarvan, "as long as he commands the *Macquarie*, and the *Macquarie* goes to New Zealand. From Twofold Bay to Auckland we shall not see much of him; after Auckland we shall see him no more."

Lady Helena and Mary Grant were delighted to hear that their departure was arranged for to-morrow. Glenarvan warned them that the *Macquarie* was inferior in comfort to the *Duncan*. But after what they had gone through, they were indifferent to trifling annoyances. M. Olbinett was requested to look after the commissariat. The poor man, since the loss of the *Duncan*, had often lamented the fate of the unfortunate Mrs. Olbinett, who had remained on board, and of course had fallen a victim with the rest of the crew to the ferocity of the convicts. Still, he fulfilled his duties as steward with unflagging zeal, and the provisions consisted of choice stores which did not generally figure in the dietary scale of the brig. In a few hours his arrangements were complete.

While these preparations were going on, the Major went to cash some drafts Glenarvan had on the Union Bank of Melbourne. He did not like to go unprovided with gold, nor yet without arms and ammunition; therefore he restocked his arsenal. As to Paganel, he

provided himself with an excellent map of New Zealand, published by Johnston of Edinburgh.

Mulrady was going on nicely. He felt very little pain from the wound that so nearly cost him his life. Some hours at sea would complete his cure. He looked on the Pacific breezes as a panacea for his ills.

Wilson was told off to arrange the accommodation on board the *Macquarie.* Under his busy brush and broom things soon changed their aspect.

Will Halley shrugged his shoulders, and let the sailor have his way. Glenarvan and his party gave him no concern. He neither knew, nor cared to know, their names. His new freight represented fifty pounds, and he rated it far below the two hundred tons of cured hides, which were stowed away in his hold. Skins first, men after. He was a merchant. As to his sailor qualification, he was said to be skilful enough in navigating these seas, whose reefs make them very dangerous.

As the day drew to a close, Glenarvan had a desire to go again to the point on the coast cut by the 37th parallel. Two motives prompted him. He wanted to examine once more the presumed scene of the wreck. Ayrton had certainly been quartermaster on the *Britannia,* and the *Britannia* might have been lost on this part of the *Australian* coast; on the east coast if not on the west. It would not do to leave without thorough investigation a locality which they were never to revisit.

And then, failing the *Britannia,* the *Duncan* certainly fell into the hands of the convicts. Perhaps there had been a fight? There might yet be found on the coast traces of a struggle, a last resistance. If the crew perished among the waves, the waves probably threw some bodies on the shore.

Glenarvan, accompanied by his faithful John, went to carry out the final search. The landlord of the Victoria Hotel lent them two horses, and they set out on the northern road that skirts Twofold Bay.

It was a melancholy journey. Glenarvan and Captain John trotted along without speaking, but they understood each other. The same thoughts, the same anguish harrowed both their hearts. They looked at the sea-worn rocks; they needed no words of question or answer. John's well-tried zeal and intelligence were a guarantee that every point was scrupulously examined, the least likely places, as well as the sloping beaches and sandy plains where even the slight tides of the Pacific might have thrown some fragments of wreck. But no indication was seen that could suggest further search in that quarter—all trace of the wreck escaped them still.

As to the *Duncan,* no trace either. All that part of Australia, bordering the ocean, was desert.

Still John Mangles discovered on the skirts of the shore evident traces of camping, remains of fires recently kindled under solitary Myall-trees. Had a tribe of wandering blacks passed that way lately? No, for Glenarvan saw a token which furnished incontestable

proof that the convicts had frequented that part of the coast.

This token was a grey and yellow garment worn and patched, an ill-omened rag thrown down at the foot of a tree. It bore the convict's original number at the Perth Penitentiary. The felon was not there, but his filthy garments betrayed his passage. This livery of crime, after having clothed some miscreant, was now decaying on this desert shore.

"You see, John," said Glenarvan, "the convicts got as far as here! and our poor comrades of the *Duncan*——?"

"Yes," said John, in a low voice, "they never landed, they perished!"

"Those wretches?" cried Glenarvan. "If ever they fall into my hands I will avenge my crew ——"

Grief had hardened Glenarvan's features. For some minutes he gazed at the expanse before him, as if taking a last look of some ship disappearing in the distance. Then his eyes became dim; he recovered himself in a moment, and without a word or a look, set off at a gallop towards Eden.

One formality remained to be gone through: the declaration to the police of what had occurred.

It was made the same evening before Mr. Thomas Banks. The magistrate could scarcely conceal his satisfaction as he took down the statement. He was enraptured at the departure of Ben Joyce and his gang. The whole city sympathized in this feeling. Australia was rid of the convicts, at the cost of a new crime, it is

true; but still they were gone. This important news was immediately telegraphed to the authorities of Melbourne and Sydney.

After making the declaration, Glenarvan returned to the Victoria Hotel. The wanderers passed their last evening sadly enough. Their thoughts recalled all the misfortunes they had encountered in this country. They remembered how full of well-warranted hope they had been at Cape Bernouilli, and how cruelly disappointed at Twofold Bay!

Paganel was full of feverish agitation. John Mangles, who had watched him since the affair at Snowy River, felt that the geographer was hesitating whether to speak or not to speak. A thousand times he had pressed him with questions, and failed in obtaining an answer.

But that evening, John, in lighting him to his room, asked him why he was so nervous.

"Friend John," said Paganel, evasively, "I am not more nervous to-night than I always am."

"Mr. Paganel," answered John, "you have a secret that chokes you."

"Well!" cried the geographer, gesticulating, "what can I do? It is stronger than I!"

"What is stronger?"

"My joy, on the one hand, my despair on the other."

"You rejoice and despair at the same time!"

"Yes; at the idea of visiting New Zealand."

"Why! have you any trace?" asked John, eagerly. "Have you recovered the lost tracks?"

"No, friend John. No one returns from New Zealand; but still——you know human nature. All we want to nourish hope is breath. My device is, '*Spiro, spero,*' and it is the best motto in the world!"

CHAPTER II.

A WORD ABOUT THE COUNTRY THEY WERE TO VISIT.

NEXT day, the 27th of January, the passengers of the *Macquarie* were installed on board the brig. Will Halley had not offered his cabin to his lady passengers. This omission was the less to be deplored, for the den was worthy of the bear.

At half-past twelve the anchor was weighed, having been loosed from its holding-ground with some difficulty. A moderate breeze was blowing from the south-west. The sails were gradually unfurled; the five hands made slow work. Wilson offered to assist the crew; but Halley begged him to be quiet and not to interfere with what did not concern him. He was accustomed to manage his own affairs, and required neither assistance nor advice.

This was aimed at John Mangles, who had smiled at the clumsiness of some manœuvre. John took the hint, but mentally resolved that he would nevertheless hold himself in readiness in case the incapacity of the crew should endanger the safety of the vessel.

However, in time, the sails were adjusted by the five sailors, aided by the stimulus of the captain's oaths. The *Macquarie* stood out to sea on the larboard tack, under all her lower sails, topsails, top-gallants, cross-jack, and jib. By and by, the other sails were hoisted. But in spite of this additional canvas the brig made very little way. Her rounded bow, the width of her hold, and her heavy stern, made her a bad sailer, the perfect type of a wooden shoe.

They had to make the best of it. Happily, five days, or, at most, six, would take them to Auckland, no matter how bad a sailer the *Macquarie* was.

At seven o'clock in the evening the Australian coast and the lighthouse of the port of Eden had faded out of sight. The ship laboured on the lumpy sea, and rolled heavily in the trough of the waves. The passengers below suffered a good deal from this motion. But it was impossible to stay on deck, as it rained violently. Thus they were condemned to close imprisonment.

Each one of them was lost in his own reflections. Words were few. Now and then Lady Helena and Miss Grant exchanged a few syllables. Glenarvan was restless; he went in and out, while the Major was impassible. John Mangles, followed by Robert, went on the poop from time to time, to look at the weather. Paganel sat in his corner, muttering vague and incoherent words.

What was the worthy geographer thinking of? Of New Zealand, the country to which destiny was leading

him. He went mentally over all its history; he called to mind the scenes of the past in that ill-omened country.

But in all that history was there a fact, was there a solitary incident that could justify the discoverers of these islands in considering them as "a continent." Could a modern geographer or a sailor concede to them such a designation. Paganel was always revolving the meaning of the document. He was possessed with the idea; it became his ruling thought. After Patagonia, after Australia, his imagination, allured by a name, flew to New Zealand. But in that direction one point, and only one, stood in his way.

"*Contin—contin,*" he repeated, "that must mean continent!"

And then he resumed his mental retrospect of the navigators who made known to us these two great islands of the Southern Sea.

It was on the 13th of December, 1642, that the Dutch navigator Tasman, after discovering Van Diemen's Land, sighted the unknown shores of New Zealand. He coasted along for several days, and on the 17th of December his ships penetrated into a large bay, which terminated in a narrow strait, separating the two islands.

The northern island was called by the natives Ika-na-Mani, a word which signifies the fish of Mani. The southern island was called Tavai-Pouna-Mou, "the whale that yields the greenstone."

Abel Tasman sent his boats on shore, and they

returned accompanied by two canoes and a noisy company of natives. These savages were of middle height, of brown or yellow complexion, angular bones, harsh voices, and black hair, which was dressed in the Japanese manner, and surmounted by a tall white feather.

This first interview between Europeans and aborigines seemed to promise amicable and lasting intercourse. But the next day, when one of Tasman's boats was looking for an anchorage nearer to the land, seven canoes, manned by a great number of natives, attacked them fiercely. The boat capsized and filled. The quartermaster in command was instantly struck with a badly-sharpened spear, and fell into the sea. Of his six companions four were killed; the other two and the quartermaster were able to swim to the ships, and were picked up and recovered.

After this sad occurrence Tasman set sail, confining his revenge to giving the natives a few musket-shots, which probably did not reach them. He left this bay —which still bears the name of Massacre Bay—followed the western coast, and on the 5th of January, anchored near the northernmost point. Here the violence of the surf, as well as the unfriendly attitude of the natives, prevented his obtaining water, and he finally quitted these shores, giving them the name of Staten-land, or the Land of the States, in honour of the States-General.

The Dutch navigator concluded that these islands were adjacent to the islands of the same name on the

east of Terra del Fuego, at the southern point of the American continent. He thought he had found "the Great Southern Continent."

"But," said Paganel to himself, "what a seventeenth century sailor might call a 'continent' would never stand for one with a nineteenth century man. No such mistake can be supposed! No! there is something here which baffles me."

During more than a century, Tasman's discovery was forgotten, and New Zealand seemed to have dropped out of existence, when a French navigator, Surville, renewed acquaintance with it in latitude 35° 37′. At first he had no reason to complain of the natives; but he experienced gales of extreme violence, and on one occasion a great storm, during which the sloop containing the sick of the expedition was driven on shore at Refuge Bay. There a chief named Nagui-Noui received the Frenchmen with great cordiality, and tended them in his own hut. Everything went on satisfactorily until one of Surville's boats was stolen. Surville complained in vain, and thought proper to punish the theft by burning the whole village—a terrible and unjust revenge, which was not without its effect in the bloody reprisals which ensued at no distant date.

On the 6th of October, 1769, the illustrious Captain Cook appeared on these shores. He anchored in Taiarva Bay with his ship, the *Endeavour*, and tried to win the natives by good usage. But to treat people well, you must first catch them. Cook did not hesitate to take two or three prisoners, and force his benefac-

tions on them. These prisoners, loaded with presents and caresses, were then sent back to the shore. In a little while several natives, stimulated by the story of their fellows, came on board voluntarily, and traded with the Europeans. Some days after, Cook steered to Hawkes' Bay, a vast hollow in the eastern coast of the northern island, and here he found himself met by warlike, noisy, aggressive natives. They became so troublesome, that it was necessary to quiet them by a broadside from the ship.

The 20th October the *Endeavour* anchored in Tokomalon Bay, and found a peacefully-disposed village of two hundred souls. The botanists of the expedition made explorations, and the natives took them on shore in their own canoes. Cook visited two villages fortified with palisades, parapets, and double ditches, which displayed considerable knowledge of the art of war. The principal of these forts was situated on a rock which at high water was an island; indeed, more than an island, for the waves not only surrounded it, but they roared through a natural arch sixty feet high, on the top of which stood this inaccessible "Pah."

On the 31st of March, Cook, who during five months had amassed an ample harvest of curiosities, plants, ethnological and ethnographical notes, gave his name to the strait which separates the two islands, and left New Zealand. He was destined to revisit it in his later voyages.

Not long after—that is, in the year 1773—the great circumnavigator reappeared at Hawkes' Bay, and wit-

nessed scenes of cannibalism, which, however, must be attributed to his own officers. They had found on the shore the mutilated remains of a young savage, took them on board, "cooked them," and set them before the natives, who fell too with voracious greed. It was a hideous frolic, to make themselves cannibal-cooks!

Cook on his third voyage paid another visit to these shores, for which he had a particular fancy, and of which he was bent on completing the hydrographic survey. He left them for the last time on the 25th of February, 1777.

In 1791, Vancouver lay for twenty days in Sombre Bay, without any valuable result to natural or geographical science. D'Entrecasteaux, in 1793, surveyed 25 miles of coast of the northern part of Ika-na-Mani. The merchant-captains Hausen and Dalrymple, followed by Baden, Richardson and Moody, made flying visits; and Dr. Savage, during a five weeks' stay, collected some interesting particulars on the manners and customs of the New Zealanders.

In the same year, 1809, the nephew of the chief Rangihou, the intelligent Doua-Tara, embarked on the ship *Argo*, which lay at anchor in the Bay of Islands, and was under the command of Captain Baden.

Perhaps some Maori Homer may write an epic on the adventures of Doua-Tara. They were fertile in disaster, injustice, and ill-usage. Breaches of faith, sequestration, blows and wounds were the wages he received for his faithful services. What an idea he must have formed of the races who call themselves

civilized! They took him to London. They made him a common sailor, and the butt of the whole crew. But for the Rev. Mr Marsden he would have died from ill-usage. The missionary took a lively interest in the young savage, in whom he discerned a sound judgment and a brave heart, wonderfully blended with gentleness, grace, and affability. Marsden procured for him some sacks of wheat and implements of agriculture for his own country. He was robbed of it all. He was the victim of successive misfortunes and sufferings till the year 1814, when we find him once more settled in the land of his ancestors. He was beginning to reap the benefit of his experience when he was cut off by death in the twenty-eighth year of his age, just as he was preparing to regenerate his blood-stained country. His loss undoubtedly postponed the triumph of civilization by many years!

Till 1816, New Zealand was abandoned. At that date Thompson, in 1817 Lidiard, in 1819 Marsden, travelled over different parts of these islands, and in 1820 Richard Cruise, a captain of the 84th (Foot) made a stay of ten months, with valuable results to science, as to the manners of the aborigines.

In 1824, Duperrey, commander of the *Coquille*, lay in the Bay of Islands for fifteen days, and had only praise to express his opinion of the natives.

After him, in 1827, the English whaler *Mercury* had to defend herself from pillage and murder. The same year Captain Dillon was most hospitably received on two occasions,

In March, 1827, the commander of the *Astrolabe*, the illustrious Dumont D'Urville, passed several nights safely, though unarmed, in the midst of the natives, interchanging presents and songs, and sleeping in the native huts; he also carried on without molestation his interesting survey operations, which have been so valuable to the Marine Department.

Quite otherwise it fared with the English brig *Hawes*, commanded by John James, which in the following year touched at the Bay of Islands, and then proceeded to the East Cape, where they had a great deal to suffer from the treachery of a chief named Enararo. Some of the ship's company suffered a fearful death.

From these contradictory occurrences, these alternations of gentleness and barbarity, it must be supposed that too often the cruelties of the New Zealanders were only reprisals. Good or bad treatment depended on good or bad captains. There were some few unprovoked attacks on the part of the natives, but in the great majority of cases they were acts of retaliation, provoked by Europeans, and unfortunately the chastisement fell on those who did not deserve it.

After D'Urville, the ethnography of New Zealand was completed by a bold explorer who twenty times went round the world, a nomad, a scientific Bohemian, named Earle. He visited the unknown portions of these islands without any danger to himself on the part of the natives, though he was witness of many

cannibal entertainments. The New Zealanders ate one another with revolting relish.

Captain Laplace, in 1831, found a similar state of things during his stay at the Bay of Islands. The native wars had acquired a new element, for the savages had learnt to use fire-arms, and handled them with wonderful precision. By this means, the formerly flourishing and populous lands of Ika-na-Mani had been transformed into dreary solitudes. Whole tribes had disappeared like flocks of sheep, roasted and eaten.

The missionaries exerted themselves vainly to overcome these sanguinary tendencies. Since 1808, the Church Missionary Society had been sending its ablest agents to the principal points in the Southern island. But the barbarism of the New Zealanders obliged them to suspend the Mission. It was not till 1814, that Mr. Marsden, the protector of Doua-Tara, and Messrs. Hall and King landed in the Bay of Islands, and bought from the chiefs a tract of country containing two hundred acres for twelve iron axes; and this became the nucleus of the Anglican Society.

At first they had great difficulties. But at length the natives began to respect the blameless lives of the missionaries. They accepted their care and their doctrines. Some naturally ferocious characters became softened, and a feeling of gratitude was aroused in these untutored minds. On one occasion, in the year 1824, the New Zealanders even acted as protectors to the missionaries against some infuriated sailors who were insulting them and threatening further ill-usage.

Thus, as time went on, the missions prospered, notwithstanding the intrusion of convicts who had escaped from Port Jackson, and who demoralised the native population. In 1831, the "Evangelical Missionary Journal" mentioned two considerable mission-stations, one situated at Kidi-Kidi, on the banks of a stream running into the sea at the Bay of Islands, the other at Pai-hia on the bank of the Kawa-Kawa river. The Christian natives had made the roads under the direction of the missionaries, cut tracks through immense forests, and bridged the torrents. Each missionary went in turn to preach the religion of civilization to the remoter tribes, building chapels of rushes or bark, schools for the native children, and on the roof of these unpretending erections was displayed the mission flag, inscribed with a cross, and the words "Rongo Pai," that is, "The Gospel," in New Zealand language.

Unfortunately, the influence of the missionaries did not extend beyond their stations. All the wandering part of the population escaped their operations. Cannibalism was abolished only among the Christians, and even among them it was desirable to avoid occasions of temptation. The cannibal instinct beats in the pulses of their blood.

Furthermore, these savage countries are always in a chronic state of war. The New Zealanders are not like the Australians, a brutalized race, fleeing before European advances; they, on the contrary, make a stout resistance, they defend themselves, they hate the

invader, and an irrepressible hatred animates them to this day against the English emigrants. The future of these great islands hangs on a thread. On the issue of an armed contest depend their fate, either immediate civilization or a profound barbarism for centuries to come.

Such was Paganel's mental review of the history of New Zealand. His brain was in a ferment of impatient expectation, but nothing in the retrospect had warranted him in giving the name of "continent" to a country composed of two islands; and although some words in the document had excited his imagination, these two syllables "contin" stood obstinately in the way of any novel interpretation.

CHAPTER III.

NEW ZEALAND MASSACRES.

On the 31st of January, four days after starting, the *Macquarie* had not done two-thirds of the distance between Australia and New Zealand. Will Halley took very little heed to the working of the ship; he let things take their chance. He seldom showed himself, for which no one was sorry. No one would have complained if he had passed all his time in his cabin, but for the fact that the brutal captain was every day under the influence of gin or brandy. His sailors willingly followed his example, and no ship ever sailed more entirely depending on Providence than the *Macquarie* did from Twofold Bay.

This unpardonable carelessness obliged John Mangles to keep a watchful eye ever open. Mulrady and Wilson more than once brought round the helm when some careless steering threatened to throw the ship on her beam-ends. Often Will Halley would interfere and abuse the two sailors with a volley of oaths. The latter, in their impatience, would have liked nothing better than to bind this drunken captain, and lower him into the

hold, for the rest of the voyage. But John Mangles succeeded, after some persuasion, in calming their well-grounded indignation.

Still, the position of things filled him with anxiety; but, for fear of alarming Glenarvan, he spoke only to Paganel or the Major. McNabbs recommended the same course as Mulrady and Wilson.

"If you think it would be for the general good, John," said McNabbs, "you should not hesitate to take the command of the vessel. When we get to Auckland the drunken imbecile can resume his command, and then he is at liberty to wreck himself, if that is his fancy."

"All that is very true, Mr. McNabbs, and if it is absolutely necessary I will do it. As long as we are on open sea, a careful look out is enough; my sailors and I are watching on the poop; but when we get near the coast, I confess I shall be uneasy if Halley does not come to his senses."

"Could not you direct the course?" asked Paganel.

"That would be difficult," replied John. "Would you believe that there is not a chart on board?"

"Is that so?"

"It is indeed. The *Macquarie* only does a coasting trade between Eden and Auckland, and Halley is so at home in these waters that he takes no observations."

"I suppose he thinks the ship knows the way, and steers herself."

"Ha! ha!" laughed John Mangles; "I do not believe in ships that steer themselves; and if Halley is

drunk when we get among soundings, he will get us all into trouble."

"Let us hope," said Paganel, "that the neighbourhood of land will bring him to his senses."

"Well, then," said McNabbs, "if needs were, you could not sail the *Macquarie* into Auckland?"

"Without a chart of the coast, certainly not. The coast is very dangerous. It is a series of shallow fiords as irregular and capricious as the fiords of Norway. There are a great many reefs, and it requires great experience to avoid them. The strongest ship would be lost if her keel struck one of those rocks that are submerged but a few feet below the water."

"In that case those on board would have to take refuge on the coast."

"If there was time."

"A terrible extremity!" said Paganel, "for they are not hospitable shores, and the dangers of the land are not less appalling than the dangers of the sea."

"You refer to the Maories, Monsieur Paganel?" asked John Mangles.

"Yes, my friend. They have a bad name in these waters. It is not a matter of timid or brutish Australians, but of an intelligent and sanguinary race, cannibals greedy of human flesh, man-eaters to whom we should look in vain for pity."

"Well, then," exclaimed the Major, "if Captain Grant had been wrecked on the coast of New Zealand, you would dissuade us from looking for him."

"Oh, you might search on the coasts," replied the

geographer, "because you might find traces of the *Britannia,* but not in the interior, for it would be useless. Every European who ventures into these fatal districts falls into the hands of the Maories, and a prisoner in the hands of the Maories is a lost man. I have urged my friends to cross the Pampas, to toil over the plains of Australia, but I will never lure them into the mazes of the New Zealand forest. May Heaven be our guide, and keep us from ever being thrown within the power of those fierce natives!"

The fears of Paganel were but too well-grounded. New Zealand has a terrible reputation, and the annals of its discovery are written in blood.

The martyr-roll of navigators numbers many victims to the New Zealanders. The list begins with Abel Tasman's five sailors, who were killed and eaten. After him Captain Tuckney and his boat's crew met the same fate. Towards the eastern part of Foveaux Strait, five whale-fishers belonging to the *Sydney Cove,* all fell victims to the cannibals. Also must be reckoned four men from the schooner *Brothers,* assassinated at Molyneux Harbour, several soldiers of General Gates, and three deserters of the *Matilda,* and then we come to the sadly famous name of Captain Marion Du Frène.

On the 11th of May, 1772, after Cook's first voyage, the French Captain Marion anchored his ship, the *Mascarin,* in the Bay of Islands, in company with the *Castries,* commanded by Captain Crozet.

The crafty Maories received the new arrivals with apparent cordiality. They even feigned timidity, and

had to be assured by presents, kindnesses, daily intercourse, and long interchange of civilities before they appeared to be at ease.

Their chief, Takouri, who was very intelligent, belonged to the Wangaroa tribe, according to Dumont D'Urville, and he was a relative of the native who was carried off by Surville, two years before the arrival of Captain Marion.

In a country where every Maori is bound in honour to avenge an outrage in blood, Takouri could not forget the injury to his tribe. He waited patiently for the arrival of a European ship, planned his revenge, and carried it out with cold-blooded atrocity.

After pretending to fear the French visitors, Takouri neglected nothing that could lull them into perfect confidence. He and his comrades often passed the night on board the ships. They brought the choicest fish. Their wives and daughters accompanied them. They learnt to know the officers by name, and invited them to visit their villages. Marion and Crozet lured by these appearances, went through the whole district, inhabited by about four thousand inhabitants. The natives ran before them unarmed, and did everything to inspire absolute confidence.

Captain Marion had come to the Bay of Islands, intending to repair the masts of the *Castries*, which had suffered severely in recent storms. He examined the interior of the country, and on the 23rd of May he found a forest of magnificent cedars about six miles from the shore, and within reach of a bay not more

than three miles from the ships. There an establishment was formed, where two-thirds of the crews, furnished with axes and other tools, toiled at felling trees, and making good the roads that led to the beach. Two other points were selected: one in the little island of Motou-Aro, in the middle of the harbour, where the sick were sent, and the blacksmiths and coopers of the expedition; the other on shore, or the sea-coast, four miles from the ships—this last was in communication with the carpentering camp. At all these posts, sturdy and skilful savages assisted the sailors in their various employments.

Still Captain Marion had not omitted some prudential measures. The savages were never to come on board armed, and the boats never went on shore without being fully armed; but Marion and the most distrustful of his officers were deluded by the conduct of the natives, and the captain ordered the disarming of the boats. Captain Crozet tried to induce Marion to rescind this order, but in vain.

After this, the kindness and friendship of the New Zealanders was redoubled. The chiefs and the naval officers lived on a footing of perfect intimacy. Repeatedly Takouri brought his son on board, and left him to sleep in the cabin. On the 8th of June, on the occasion of a ceremonious visit to the shore, Marion was acknowledged "great chief" of all the country, and four white feathers were stuck into his hair as an honorary distinction.

Thus matters went on till the ships had lain in the

Bay of Islands thirty-three days. The work of making good the masts was advancing; the tanks were being filled with fresh water at the island of Motou-Aro. Captain Crozet superintended the carpenters' department, and all looked forward with good grounds of hope to the successful termination of their enterprise.

On the 12th of June, at two o'clock, the captain's boat was equipped for a fishing party at the foot of Takouri's village. Marion set off, accompanied by the two junior officers, Vaudricourt and Lehoux, a volunteer, the captain of the guns, and twelve sailors. Takouri and five other chiefs were of the party. Nothing foreshadowed the terrible fate that awaited sixteen out of the seventeen Europeans.

The boat left the ship, steered towards the land, and those who were on board the two ships soon lost sight of it.

That evening Captain Marion did not return on board to sleep. This, however, did not awaken any apprehension. It was supposed that he was visiting the mast-yard, and staying there for the night.

Next day, at five o'clock, the long-boat of the *Castries* went, as usual, for water to the island of Motou-Aro, and returned without encountering any unusual circumstances.

At nine o'clock the look-out man on board the *Mascarin* saw in the water a man swimming towards the vessel, apparently almost exhausted. A boat went to his assistance and brought him on board.

It was Turner, one of Captain Marion's boat-crew.

He had a wound in his side, produced by two blows of a spear, and he was the only one who returned of the seventeen who had left the vessel the day before. He was asked to relate what had occurred, and soon the details of the horrible tragedy were made known.

The unfortunate boat had arrived at the village at seven o'clock in the morning. The savages came gaily down to receive their visitors. They even carried on their shoulders the officers and sailors who did not wish to get wet in landing.

Then the Frenchmen became separated from each other, and in a moment, the savages armed with spears, clubs and bludgeons, fell upon them, ten to one, and massacred them. The sailor Turner received two spear-wounds, and then he managed to escape and conceal himself in the scrub. From this hiding-place he beheld horrible scenes. The savages stripped the dead of their clothes, opened the abdomen, hacked them in pieces. . . . .

While the savages were thus occupied, Turner, unperceived, threw himself into the sea, and was received in a dying state by the boat of the *Mascarin.*

This event spread consternation among the two crews. Vengeance was all the cry. But before avenging the dead, they had to rescue the living. There were three posts on shore surrounded by thousands of blood-thirsty savages, with newly quickened appetites.

In the absence of Captain Crozet, who had passed the night at the mast-yard, Duclesmeur, the first officer, took such measures as the urgency of the case

demanded. The *Mascarin's* long-boat was sent off with an officer and a detachment of soldiers. This officer was first of all to go to the assistance of the carpenters. He skirted the shore, saw Captain Marion's boat lying disabled on the beach, and landed.

Captain Crozet, absent as has been mentioned, knew nothing of the massacre, when about two o'clock in the afternoon he saw the detachment come in sight He guessed that some disaster had befallen. He hastened forward and soon learnt the truth. He ordered that nothing should be told to his companions lest they should be overcome with alarm.

The savages, assembled in crowds, were grouped on all the heights. Captain Crozet had the principal tools removed, others buried, set fire to the huts, and began his retreat with sixty men.

The natives followed him, calling "*Takouri mate Marion.*"* They hoped to terrify the sailors by proclaiming the death of their commander. But the sailors were so exasperated that Captain Crozet could scarcely prevent their attacking the wretches.

The six miles were accomplished. The detachment reached the shore, and embarked in the boats the men of the first post. All this time a thousand savages, seated on the ground, never stirred. But when the boats got off the shore the stones began to fly, when instantly four of the sailors, excellent marksmen, picked off, one after the other, all the chiefs, to the

* Takouri has killed Marion.

intense astonishment of the natives, who were unacquainted with fire-arms.

Captain Crozet reached the *Mascarin,* and then despatched the boat to the island of Motou-Aro. A detachment of soldiers was left to pass the night on the island, and all the sick were safely brought on board.

Next day a second detachment went to reinforce the post. They had to clear the island of savages and complete the watering. The village of Motou-Aro contained three hundred inhabitants. The French attacked them. Six chiefs were killed; the rest of the natives fell at the point of the bayonet, and the village was burnt.

Still, the *Castries* could not put to sea without masts, and Crozet, obliged to abandon his cedar trees, was driven to making joined masts. The watering went on steadily.

A month elapsed. The savages made some attempts to retake Motou-Aro, but failed. Whenever their canoes came within range of the ships, they were fired on from the guns.

At last the work was done. They only had to make sure that none of the sixteen victims of the massacre survived, and then to avenge their deaths. The boat, with a numerous detachment of officers and soldiers, set out for Takouri's village.

At its approach, the treacherous and cowardly chief ran away, wearing on his shoulders Captain Marion's cloak. The huts of his village were carefully searched. In his own house they found the skull of a man which

had been recently cooked. A human thigh was impaled on a wooden spit. A shirt, with a blood-stained collar, was recognized as belonging to Marion, also clothes; the pistols of young Vaudricourt, the boat-arms, and some clothes in rags. Further on, in another village, there were human entrails cleaned and cooked.

These incontestable proofs of murder and cannibalism were collected, and the human relics carefully interred; after which the villages of Takouri and Piki-ore, his accomplice, were given to the flames. The 14th of July, 1772, the two vessels quitted these melancholy shores.

Such was the catastrophe which must always recur to the mind of any traveller who sets foot on the New Zealand coast. The captain who does not profit by the teachings of such experience must be foolhardy indeed. The New Zealanders are always treacherous and cannibal. Cook, in his turn, found it so on the occasion of his second voyage in 1773.

The boat of one of his ships, the *Adventure*, commanded by Captain Furneaux, having landed on the 17th December to collect wild plants, did not return. A midshipman and nine men had manned her. Captain Furneaux became uneasy, and sent Lieutenant Burney in search of them. When Burney arrived at the landing place, he found, to use his own words, "a scene of carnage and barbarism of which it is impossible to speak without horror; heads, entrails, lungs of many of our poor fellows, lay scattered on the sand, and close at hand were dogs devouring similar fragments."

To close the tale of blood, mention must be made of the ship *Brothers,* which in 1815 was attacked by New Zealanders, and all the crew of the *Boyd,* Captain Thompson, massacred in 1820. Finally, on March 1, 1829, at Waikato, the chief, Enararo, pillaged the English brig *Hawes,* of Sydney; his tribe of cannibals murdered several sailors, and cooked and ate the bodies.

Such was New Zealand whither the *Macquarie* was bound, manned by a stupid crew, and commanded by a drunkard.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BREAKERS.

STILL this wearisome voyage dragged on. On the 2nd of February, six days from starting, the *Macquarie* had not yet made a nearer acquaintance with the shores of Auckland. The wind was fair, nevertheless, and blew steadily from the south-west; but the currents were against the ship's course, and she scarcely made any way. The heavy, lumpy sea strained her cordage, her timbers creaked, and she laboured painfully in the trough of the sea. Her standing rigging was so out of order, that it allowed play to the masts, which were violently shaken at every roll of the vessel.

Fortunately, Will Halley was not a man in a hurry, and did not use a press of canvas, or his masts would inevitably have come down. John Mangles therefore hoped that the wretched hull would reach port without accident; but it grieved him that his companions should have to suffer so much discomfort from the defective arrangements of the brig.

But neither Lady Helena nor Mary Grant uttered a word of complaint, though the continuous rain obliged

them to stay below, where the want of air and the violence of the motion were painfully felt. They often braved the weather, and went on the poop till driven down again by the force of a sudden squall. Then they returned to the narrow space, fitter for stowing cargo than accommodating passengers, especially ladies.

Their friends did their best to amuse them. Paganel tried to beguile the time with his stories, but it was a hopeless case. Their minds were so distracted at this change of route as to be quite unhinged. Much as they had been interested in his dissertations on the Pampas or Australia, his lectures on New Zealand fell on cold and indifferent ears. Besides, they were going to this new and ill-reputed country without enthusiasm, without conviction, not even of their own free will, but solely at the bidding of destiny.

Of all the passengers on board the *Macquarie*, the most to be pitied was Lord Glenarvan. He was rarely to be seen below. He could not stay in one place. His nervous organization was highly excited, could not submit to confinement between four narrow bulkheads. All day long, even all night, regardless of the torrents of rain and the dashing waves, he stayed on the poop, sometimes leaning on the rail, sometimes walking too and fro in feverish agitation. His eyes wandered ceaselessly over the blank horizon. He scanned it eagerly during every short interval of clear weather. It seemed as if he sought to question the voiceless waters; he longed to tear away the veil of fog and vapour that obscured his view. He could not

be resigned, and his features expressed the bitterness of his grief. He was a man of energy, till now happy and powerful, and deprived in a moment of power and happiness. John Mangles bore him company, and endured with him the inclemency of the weather. On this day Glenarvan looked more anxiously than ever at each point where a break in the mist enabled him to do so. John came up to him, and said,

"Your Lordship is looking out for the land?"

Glenarvan shook his head in dissent.

"And yet," said the young captain, "you must be longing to quit this vessel. We ought to have seen the lights of Auckland thirty-six hours ago."

Glenarvan made no reply. He still looked, and for a moment his glass was pointed towards the horizon to windward.

"The land is not on that side, my Lord," said John Mangles. "Look more to starboard."

"Why, John?" replied Glenarvan. "I am not looking for the land."

"What then, my Lord?"

"My yacht! the *Duncan*," said Glenarvan, hotly. "It must be here on these coasts, skimming these very waves, playing the vile part of a pirate! It is here, John; I am certain of it, on the track of vessels between Australia and New Zealand; and I have a presentiment that we shall fall in with her."

"God keep us from such a meeting!"

"Why, John?"

"Your Lordship forgets our position. What could

we do in this ship if the *Duncan* gave chase? We could not even fly!"

"Fly, John?"

"Yes, my Lord; we should try in vain! We should be taken, delivered up to the mercy of those wretches, and Ben Joyce has shown us that he does not stop at a crime! Our lives would be worth little. We would fight to the death, of course, but after that! Think of Lady Glenarvan; think of Mary Grant!"

"Poor girls!" murmured Glenarvan. "John, my heart is broken; and sometimes despair nearly masters me. I feel as if fresh misfortunes awaited us, and that Heaven itself is against us. It terrifies me!"

"You, my Lord?"

"Not for myself, John; but for those I love—whom you love, also."

"Keep up your heart, my Lord," said the young captain. "We must not look out for troubles. The *Macquarie* sails badly, but she makes some way nevertheless. Will Halley is a brute, but I am keeping my eyes open, and if the coast looks dangerous, I will put the ship's head to sea again. So that, on that score, there is little or no danger. But as to getting alongside the *Duncan!* God forbid! And if your Lordship is bent on looking out for her, let it be in order to give her a wide berth."

John Mangles was right. An encounter with the *Duncan* would have been fatal to the *Macquarie.* There was every reason to fear such an engagement in these narrow seas, in which pirates could ply their trade with-

out risk. However, for that day at least, the yacht did not appear, and the sixth night from their departure from Twofold Bay came, without the fears of John Mangles being realized.

But that night was to be a night of terrors. Darkness came on almost suddenly at seven o'clock in the evening; the sky was very threatening. The sailor instinct rose above the stupefaction of the drunkard, and aroused Will Halley. He left his cabin, rubbed his eyes, and shook his great red head. Then he drew a great deep breath of air, as other people swallow a draught of water to revive themselves. He examined the masts.

The wind freshened, and veering a point more to the westward, blew right for the New Zealand coast.

Will Halley, with many an oath, called his men, tightened his topmast cordage, and made all snug for the night. John Mangles approved in silence. He had ceased to hold any conversation with the coarse seaman; but neither Glenarvan nor he left the poop. Two hours after a stiff breeze came on. Will Halley took in the lower reef of his topsails. The manœuvre would have been a difficult job for five men if the *Macquarie* had not carried a double yard, on the American plan. In fact, they had only to lower the upper yard to bring the sail to its smallest size.

Two hours passed; the sea was rising. The *Macquarie* was struck so violently that it seemed as if her keel had touched the rocks. There was no real danger, but the heavy vessel did not rise easily to the

wave. By and by the returning wave would break over the deck in great masses. The boat was washed out of the davits by the force of the water.

John Mangles never released his watch. Any other ship would have made no account of a sea like this; but with this heavy craft there was a danger of sinking by the bow, for the deck was filled at every lurch, and the sheet of water not being able to escape quickly by the scuppers, might submerge the ship. It would have been the wisest plan to prepare for emergency by knocking out the bulwarks with an axe to facilitate their escape, but Halley refused to take this precaution.

But a greater danger was at hand, and one that it was too late to prevent.

About half-past eleven, John Mangles and Wilson, who stayed on deck throughout the gale, were suddenly struck by an unusual noise. Their nautical instincts awoke. John seized the sailor's hand.

"The reef!" said he.

"Yes," said Wilson; "the waves breaking on the bank."

"Not more than two cables' length off?"

"At farthest? The land is there!"

John leaned over the side, gazed into the dark water, and called out, "Wilson, the lead!"

The master, posted forward, seemed to have no idea of his position. Wilson seized the lead-line, sprang to the fore-chains, and threw the lead; the rope ran out between his fingers, at the third knot the lead stopped.

"Three fathoms," cried Wilson.

"Captain," said John, running to Will Halley, "we are on the breakers."

Whether or not he saw Halley shrug his shoulders is of very little importance. But he hurried to the helm, put it hard down, while Wilson leaving the line, hauled at the main-topsail brace to bring the ship to the wind. The man who was steering received a smart blow, and could not comprehend the sudden attack.

"Let her go! Let her go!" said the young captain, working her to get away from the reefs.

For half a minute the starboard side of the vessel was turned towards them, and, in spite of the darkness, John could discern a line of foam which moaned and gleamed four fathoms away.

At this moment, Will Halley, comprehending the danger, lost his head. His sailors, hardly sobered, could not understand his orders. His incoherent words, his contradictory orders, showed that this stupid sot had quite lost his self-control. He was taken by surprise at the proximity of the land, which was eight miles off, when he thought it was thirty or forty miles off. The currents had thrown him out of his habitual track, and this miserable slave of routine was left quite helpless.

Still the prompt manœuvre of John Mangles succeeded in keeping the *Macquarie* off the breakers. But John did not know the position. For anything he could tell he was girdled in by reefs. The wind blew them strongly towards the east, and at every lurch they might strike.

In fact, the sound of the reef soon redoubled on the

starboard side of the bow. They must luff again. John put the helm down again and brought her up. The breakers increased under the bow of the vessel, and it was necessary to put her about to regain the open sea. Whether she would be able to go about under shortened sail, and badly trimmed as she was, remained to be seen, but there was nothing else to be done.

"Helm hard down!" cried John Mangles to Wilson.

The *Macquarie* began to near the new line of reefs: in another moment the waves were seen dashing on submerged rocks.

It was a moment of inexpressible anxiety. The spray was luminous, just as if lit up by sudden phosphorescence. The roaring of the sea was like the voice of those ancient Tritons whom poetic mythology endowed with life. Wilson and Mulrady hung to the wheel with all their weight. Some cordage gave way, which endangered the foremast. It seemed doubtful whether she would go about without further damage.

Suddenly the wind fell and the vessel fell back, and turning her became hopeless. A high wave caught her below, carried her up on the reefs, where she struck with great violence. The foremast came down with all the fore-rigging. The brig rose twice, and then lay motionless, heeled over on her port side at an angle of 30°.

The glass of the skylight had been smashed to powder. The passengers rushed out. But the waves were sweeping the deck from one side to the other, and they dared not stay there. John Mangles knowing the ship

to be safely lodged in the sand, begged them to return to their own quarters.

"Tell me the truth, John," said Glenarvan, calmly.

"The truth, my Lord, is that we are at a stand-still. Whether the sea will devour us is another question; but we have time to consider."

"It is midnight?"

"Yes, my Lord, and we must wait for the day."

"Can we not lower the boat?"

"In such a sea, and in the dark, it is impossible. And, besides, where could we land?"

"Well, then, John, let us wait for the daylight."

Will Halley, however, ran up and down the deck like a maniac. His crew had recovered their senses, and now broached a cask of brandy, and began to drink. John foresaw that if they became drunk, terrible scenes would ensue.

The captain could not be relied on to restrain them: the wretched man tore his hair and wrung his hands. His whole thought was his uninsured cargo.

"I am ruined! I am lost!" he would cry, as he ran from side to side.

John Mangles did not waste time on him. He armed his two companions, and they all held themselves in readiness to resist the sailors who were filling themselves with brandy, seasoned with fearful blasphemies.

"The first of these wretches that comes near the ladies, I will shoot like a dog," said the Major, quietly.

The sailors doubtless saw that the passengers were

determined to hold their own, for after some attempts at pillage, they disappeared to their own quarters.

John Mangles thought no more of these drunken rascals, and waited impatiently for the dawn. The ship was now quite motionless. The sea became gradually calmer. The wind fell. The hull would be safe for some hours yet. At daybreak John examined the landing-place; the *you-you*, which was now their only boat, would carry the crew and the passengers. It would have to make three trips at least, as it could only hold four. As to the quarter-boat, it had been carried away by the sea.

As he was leaning on the skylight, thinking over the situation of affairs, John Mangles could hear the roaring of the surf. He tried to pierce the darkness. He wondered how far it was to the land they longed for no less than dreaded. A reef sometimes extends for miles along the coast. Could their fragile boat hold out on a long trip?

While John was thus ruminating and longing for a little light from the murky sky, the ladies, relying on him, slept in their little berths. The stationary attitude of the brig ensured them some hours of repose. Glenarvan, John, and their companions, no longer disturbed by the noise of the crew who were now wrapped in a drunken sleep, also refreshed themselves by a short nap, nd a profound silence reigned on board the ship, herself slumbering peacefully on her bed of sand.

Towards four o'clock, the first peep of dawn appeared in the east. The clouds were dimly defined

by the pale light of the dawn. John returned to the deck. The horizon was veiled with a curtain of fog. Some faint outlines were shadowed in the midst, but at a considerable height. A slight swell still agitated the sea, but the more distant waves were undistinguishable in a motionless bank of clouds.

John waited. The light gradually increased, and the horizon acquired a rosy hue. The curtain slowly rose over the vast watery stage. Black reefs rose out of the waters. Then a line became defined on the belt of foam, and there gleamed a luminous beacon-like point behind a low hill which concealed the scarcely risen sun. There was the land, less than nine miles off.

"Land ho!" cried John Mangles.

His companions, aroused by his voice, rushed to the poop, and gazed in silence at the coast whose outline lay on the horizon. Whether they were received as friends or enemies, that coast must be their refuge.

"Where is Halley?" asked Glenarvan.

"I do not know, my Lord," replied John Mangles.

"Where are the sailors?"

"Invisible, like himself."

"Probably dead drunk, like himself," added McNabbs.

"Let them be called," said Glenarvan, "we cannot leave them on the ship."

Mulrady and Wilson went down to the forecastle, and two minutes after they returned. The place was empty! They then searched between decks, and then

the hold. But found no trace of Will Halley nor his sailors.

"What! no one?" exclaimed Glenarvan.

"Could they have fallen into the sea?" asked Paganel.

"Everything is possible," replied John Mangles, who was getting uneasy.

Then turning towards the stern.

"To the boat!" said he.

Wilson and Mulrady followed to launch the *you-you.*

The *you-you* was gone.

CHAPTER V.

A SCRATCH CREW.

WILL HALLEY and his crew, taking advantage of the darkness of night and the sleep of the passengers, had fled with the only boat. There could be no doubt about it. The captain, whose duty would have kept him on board till the last, had been the first to quit the ship.

"The cowards are off!" said John Mangles. "Well, my Lord, so much the better. They have spared us some trying scenes."

"No doubt," said Glenarvan; "besides we have a captain of our own, and courageous, if unskilful sailors, your companions, John. Say the word, and we are ready to obey."

The Major, Paganel, Robert, Wilson, Mulrady, Olbinett himself, applauded Glenarvan's speech, and ranged themselves on the deck, ready to execute their captain's orders.

"What is to be done?" asked Glenarvan.

The young captain first glanced seaward, and then at the disabled masts of the ships, and after a few minutes' consideration, said:

"I think there are two courses open to us, my Lord: to raise the ship and put to sea again, or to reach the land on a raft, which we could easily put together."

"If the ship can be raised, let us raise it," said Glenarvan. "That is the better plan, is it not?"

"Yes, my Lord, for even if we landed safely, what could we do without the means of transport."

"By all means, let us get away from the coast," added Paganel. "New Zealand is not to be trusted."

"More than that," said John, "we have deviated from our course. Halley's carelessness has brought us too far south, that is beyond doubt. At noon I will take an observation; and if, as I believe, we are below Auckland, I will endeavour to get up the coast again with the *Macquarie*.

"But about repairing the ship?" asked the Lady Helena.

"I do not think she has sustained much damage, Madam," replied John Mangles. "I will first rig a jury-mast to replace the foremast; we can then go on, slowly, it is true, but still we shall go where we wish. If, however, by ill-luck the hull is stove in, or if it cannot be got off, then we can only submit to fate, and gain the shore as we can, and get to Auckland by land."

"Well, then," said the Major, "the first thing is to see what is the state of the ship."

Glenarvan, John, and Mulrady, opened the main hatch and went down into the hold. About two hun-

dred tons of tanned hides were very badly stowed. It was not very difficult to move them, by means of tackle fixed to the main-stay at the level of the hatch. Some of the bales John ordered to be thrown overboard to lighten the ship.

After three hours of hard work, they were in a position to examine the bottom. Two of the side seams had opened on the port side, at the height of the water-line. As the *Macquarie* lay over on her starboard side, her port side was out of the water, and these defective seams were exposed to the air; thus no water could get in. Wilson soon caulked the seams, and laid over them a sheet of copper, carefully nailed on. They found less than two feet of water in the hold. The pumps could easily dispose of that, and make the ship so much the lighter.

The keel had suffered very little. It was possible that a portion of the false keel might remain fixed in the sand, but that could be dispensed with.

Wilson, after having examined the interior of the ship, took a plunge to ascertain her position as regarded the deep water.

The *Macquarie,* her bow turned to N.N.E., had struck on a bank of shifting sand of very steep formation. The lower fore-part and two-thirds of her keel were deeply embedded in it. The rest of the ship, right to the stern-post, was floating in five fathoms of water. The rudder was therefore quite free, and able to work. John thought it unnecessary to strengthen it, all the more as it was ready for use at any moment.

The tide does not rise very high in the Pacific, but John Mangles counted on the flood to float the *Macquarie*. The ship had struck about an hour before high water. From the moment when the ebb was perceptible, the ship heeled more and more at low water. About six in the morning she attained her greatest angle of inclination, and it seemed therefore useless to stay her by means of timbers; by not doing so, they could retain on board the yards and other spars which John intended to use for rigging a jury-mast.

They had now only to make the necessary arrangements for getting the ship off. It was a long and laborious affair; it was evidently impossible to be ready for the high tide at a quarter past noon. All they could do by that time was to judge how the brig would behave, now that she was lightened, when the tide came; and then by the time the tide flowed again they could make another attempt.

"All hands to work!" cried John Mangles.

His newly-enlisted crew were at his orders.

The first thing was to furl the sails. The Major, Robert, and Paganel, directed by Wilson, went up to the main-yard. The main-topsail spread to the wind would have interfered with the work of floating her off. It was absolutely necessary to furl it, and after a fashion it was done. Then after a tedious and painful struggle to unaccustomed hands, the task was accomplished. The young Robert, active as a cat, and fearless as a ship-boy, had been a great help in this difficult operation.

The next care was to moor an anchor, perhaps two, astern of the ship, and in the direction of the keel. The drag on these anchors would help to haul her off at high tide. With the assistance of a boat this is not a difficult manœuvre; an anchor is taken by the boat and moored at a convenient place previously decided on. But in this instance no boat was available, and the want must be supplied.

Glenarvan was quite sailor enough to understand the necessity of these operations. An anchor must be moored to extricate a ship that struck at low water.

"But without a boat, how can it be done?" said he to John.

"We will use the broken foremast and the empty barrels," said the young captain. "It will be a difficult job, but not impossible, for the *Macquarie's* are small; but once moored, I believe they will not loosen."

"Well, John, do not let us lose time."

Everybody, sailors and passengers, were called on deck; every one lent a hand. The rigging that still held the foremast had to be cut away with axes. The lower mast had broken off low down, so that the staging was easily removed. John Mangles proposed to use this stage as a raft. He sustained it by means of empty barrels, and so enabled it to carry his anchors A scull was fitted to it, so that it could be steered. The ebb-tide would of itself carry them astern of the brig; and then, when the anchors were lowered, it

would be easy to return to the ship, hauling on the rope that stretched from the deck.

The work was half-completed when the sun approached the meridian. John Mangles left Glenarvan to finish the preparations, and turned his own attention to ascertaining their position. This was a very important point. Fortunately John had found in Will Halley's room, along with an almanack of the Greenwich Observatory, a very dirty sextant, but sufficient to take the observation. He cleaned it and brought it on deck.

This instrument, by a series of moveable mirrors, brings the sun's image to the horizon at the moment of greatest altitude. It will be readily understood that to do this, the eye-piece of the sextant must be adjusted to the true horizon—namely, the line where sky and water join. But here, in the very place of the true horizon, the land stretched out in a long promontory towards the north, and interposing between the observer and the point of observation, rendered the instrument useless.

In such a case, the difficulty is met by substituting an artificial horizon. It is usually a flat dish filled with mercury, above which the apparatus is used. The mercury furnishes a perfect horizontal mirror.

John had no mercury on board, but he supplied its place by a tub filled with liquid tar, whose surface sufficiently reflected the image of the sun.

He knew already his longitude, being on the west coast of New Zealand. This was fortunate, for not having a chronometer, he could not have calculated it.

He now only wanted the latitude, and he was soon in a position to find it.

By means of the sextant he took the meridian altitude of the sun above the horizon. This he found to be 68° 30′; therefore, the distance of the sun from the zenith must be 21° 30′, as these numbers together make up 90°. On that day—February 3rd—the sun's declination being 16° 30′ by the almanack, by adding that distance to the 21° 30′, the result is 38°, which is the latitude.

Thus the position of the *Macquarie* was longitude 171° 13′, latitude 38°, except insignificant errors resulting from the imperfection of the instrument, and of which no account could be taken.

On consulting Johnston's map, which Paganel bought at Eden, John Mangles perceived that they had been wrecked at the opening of Aotea Bay, below Cahua Point, on the coast of Auckland Province. The city of Auckland being on the 37th parallel, the *Macquarie* was a degree too far south. So that they had to make a degree of northing to reach the capital of New Zealand.

"Oh," said Glenarvan, "that is nothing!"

"Nothing at sea," Paganel remarked, "but by land it would be a toilsome journey."

"Certainly," said John Mangles, "and therefore we shall do all that man can do, to float the *Macquarie*."

The position ascertained, operations proceeded. At 12.15 p.m., the tide was full. John could not make use of it, as his anchors were not yet put down.

But he watched the *Macquarie* with great anxiety. Would the tide be able to float her? That question would be decided in five minutes.

They waited. Some creaking sounds were heard; they resulted, if not from the rising of her keel, at any rate from a straining of her timbers. John augured hopefully for the following tide, but for this time she did not stir.

They laboured on; at two o'clock the raft was ready. The holding anchor was put on it. John and Wilson accompanied it, having first made fast a line to the ship's stern.

The ebb carried them out and they dropped the anchor in ten fathoms water, half a cable's length from the ship. It held well, and the raft returned to the ship.

Next came the great bow-anchor. They lowered it with some difficulty. The raft started again, and soon the second anchor was moored behind the first in fifteen fathoms. Then hauling by the cable they regained the ship.

The cable and the line were fixed to the windlass, and they waited for the next tide which would occur about one o'clock in the morning. It was then six in the evening.

John Mangles complimented his sailors, and told Paganel that with courage and good behaviour, he might rise to be a quartermaster.

M. Olbinett having given his assistance in working out the arrangements, returned to the galley. He

had prepared a refreshing repast which was very seasonable. The crew had robust appetites, which were fully satisfied, and all felt their strength renewed for further exertion.

After dinner John Mangles took the final precautions to ensure the success of the operation. Nothing must be omitted when a ship is to be got off. In some cases the attempt fails for want of a little more lightening, and the embedded keel cannot leave its sandy bed.

John Mangles had ordered a great part of the merchandise to be thrown overboard to lighten the ship, but the remainder of the bales, the heavy spars, and spare yards, together with some tons of pig iron which formed her ballast, were carried to the stern to facilitate the raising of her fore part. Wilson and Mulrady also rolled to the stern a number of barrels which they filled with water, to try and raise her bow. It was midnight when all was finished. The crew were quite tired out, which was unfortunate, for every arm would be needed at the windlass; and this inspired John Mangles with a new resolution.

At this moment the wind dropped. It scarcely stirred the ripples on the surface of the waves. John observing the horizon remarked that the wind was veering to the old quarter of north-west. A sailor is never deceived by the arrangement and colour of the cloud-bank. Wilson and Mulrady shared the opinion of their captain.

John Mangles reported his observation to Glenar-

van, and proposed to postpone attempting to float the vessel till next day.

"And I will tell you why," said he. "First of all, we are all tired out, and to float the ship we shall need all our strength. Secondly, even when we get her off, we could not handle her in the midst of the breakers in midnight darkness? Far better to wait for the morning. But I have another reason which prompts me to wait. The wind promises to help us, and I think it wise to take advantage of it. I want it to drive the old hull astern while the tide lifts her up. To-morrow, if I am not very much mistaken, we shall get a breeze from the N.E., and be able to hoist a sail or two, which will greatly help the ship."

This reasoning was conclusive even to Glenarvan and Paganel, the two impatient ones on board, and the operation was deferred till the morrow.

The night passed quietly, a regular watch having been appointed, especially to keep an eye on the anchors.

Day appeared, and John Mangles' expectations were realized. A pretty strong breeze was getting up from N.N.E. This was a most important aid, and the service of the crew was put in immediate requisition. Robert, Wilson, and Mulrady mounted the mainmast, while the Major, Paganel, and Glenarvan stood below, ready to assist in unfurling the sails at the right moment.

It was 9 a.m., and would not be high tide for some hours. But the time was not lost. John took the

opportunity to fix up his jury-mast, as the foremast was wanting. If once the ship would float, this would enable him to keep out from those dangerous shores.

Lady Helena and Mary Grant lent a helping hand, delighted to toil for the common safety; and before noon, the rigging was completed; and deficient as the *Macquarie* might be in point of elegance, she was at least in sailing condition, provided they did not venture out with her too far from the coast.

The hour for the great experiment was at hand. A fever of impatience kept everyone on the strain. No one spoke; they watched John and waited for his orders.

John Mangles leaning on the rail of the forecastle watched the tide. He cast an uneasy glance at the cable and the line as they strained and stretched.

At one o'clock the sea attained its highest point It was steady at that point when there is neither ebb nor flow. There was not a moment to lose. The mainsail and maintopsail were spread to the breeze, and backed on the mast as the wind filled them.

"To the capstan!" cried John.

It was a capstan furnished with levers, like fire-engines. Glenarvan, Mulrady, Robert on one side, Paganel, the Major, and Olbinett on the other, bore on the levers which moved the machinery. At the same time John and Wilson added their efforts to those of their companions.

"Pull away, boys!" cried the young captain, "and all together."

The cable and the line stretched under the powerful

action of the capstan. The anchors held well and did not drag.

They must succeed, if at all, speedily. The tide remained full only a few minutes, and the level would soon fall.

Their efforts were redoubled, the wind blew strongly and urged the sails against the masts. The hull trembled. The brig seemed on the verge of rising. Perhaps one arm more would do it.

"Helena! Mary!" cried Glenarvan.

The two young women came and joined their efforts to those of their companions. The capstan gave another click. But that was all. The brig was motionless. The effort was a failure. The ebb was already commencing, and it was clear that even with the help of wind and tide, this crew were unequal to the task of floating the ship.

CHAPTER VI.

IN WHICH CANNIBALISM IS THEORETICALLY TREATED.

THE first means of deliverance John Mangles tried had failed. The second must be put to the test without delay. It was evident that raising the *Macquarie* was out of the question, and no less evident that she must be abandoned. Waiting on board for succour that might never come, would have been imprudence and folly. Before the arrival of a chance vessel on the scene the *Macquarie* would have broken up. The next storm, or even a high tide raised by the winds from sea ward, would roll it on the sands, break it up into splinters, and scatter them on the shore. John was anxious to reach the land before this inevitable consummation.

He proposed to construct a raft strong enough to carry the passengers, and a sufficient quantity of provisions, to the coast of New Zealand.

There was no time for discussion, the work was to be set about at once, and they had made considerable progress when night came and interrupted them.

Towards eight o'clock in the evening, after supper,

while Lady Helena and Mary Grant slept in their berths, Paganel and his friends conversed on serious matters as they walked up and down the deck. Robert had chosen to stay with them. The brave boy listened with all his ears, ready to be of use, and willing to enlist in any perilous adventure.

Paganel asked John Mangles whether the raft could not follow the coast as far as Auckland, instead of landing its freight on the coast.

John replied that the voyage was impossible with such an unmanageable craft.

"And what we cannot do on a raft, could have been done in the ship's boat?"

"Yes, if necessary," answered John; "but we should have had to sail by day and anchor at night."

"Then those wretches who abandoned us ——"

"Oh! as for them," said John, "they were drunk, and in the darkness I have no doubt they paid for their cowardice with their lives."

"So much the worse for them and for us," replied Paganel; "for the boat would have been very useful to us."

"What would you have, Paganel? The raft will bring us to the shore," said Glenarvan.

"The very thing I would fain avoid!" exclaimed the geographer.

"What! do you think another twenty miles after crossing the Pampas and Australia, can have any terrors for us, hardened as we are to fatigue?"

"My friend," replied Paganel, "I do not call in

question our courage nor the bravery of our friends. Twenty miles would be nothing in any other country than New Zealand. You cannot suspect me of faint-heartedness. I was the first to persuade you to cross America and Australia. But here the case is different. I repeat, anything is better than to venture into this treacherous country."

"Anything is better, in my judgment," said John Mangles, "than braving certain destruction on a stranded vessel."

"What is there so formidable in New Zealand?" asked Glenarvan.

"The savages," said Paganel.

"The savages!" repeated Glenarvan. "Can we not avoid them by keeping to the shore? But in any case what have we to fear? surely two resolute and well-armed Europeans need not give a thought to an attack by a handful of miserable beings."

Paganel shook his head.

"In this case there are no miserable beings to contend with. The New Zealanders are a powerful race, who are rebelling against English rule, who fight the invaders, and often beat them, and who always eat them!"

"Cannibals!" exclaimed Robert, "cannibals?" Then they heard him whisper, "My sister! Lady Helena."

"Don't frighten yourself, my boy," said Glenarvan; "our friend Paganel exaggerates."

"Far from it," rejoined Paganel. "Robert nas

shown himself a man, and I treat him as such, in not concealing the truth from him. The New Zealanders are the most cruel, if not the most bloodthirsty, of all cannibals. They devour all that come within their power. War is to them a chase for savoury game (called man), and, after all, that is the only logical war. Europeans kill their foes and bury them, and as my countryman Toussenel has very well expressed it, our grievance is not so much that they roast their enemies after killing them, as that they kill them before they are willing to die."

"Paganel," said the Major, "that is food for discussion, but this is not the time. Logical as it may be to eat men, we prefer not to be eaten. But how is it that Christianity has not destroyed cannibalism?"

"Do you imagine that all the New Zealanders are Christians?" replied Paganel. "The Christians are a small minority; and the missionaries are still frequently victims to these wretches. Only last year the Reverend Mr. Volker was martyred with horrible cruelty. The Maories hanged him. The women picked out his eyes. His murderers drank his blood and ate his brains. This murder was perpetrated in 1864 at Opotiki, a few miles from Auckland, under the eyes, so to speak, of the English authorities. My friends, it takes centuries to change the nature of a race. What the Maories have been they will long continue to be. Their history is a chronicle of bloodshed. How many crews they have massacred and devoured, from Tasman's sailors to the marines of the *Hawes!* And it is not the flesh of

the white man that has whetted their appetite. Long before the arrival of the Europeans, the New Zealanders gratified their desires at the cost of murder. Travellers who have lived among them have witnessed cannibal feasts, where the guests were eager for delicate morsels, such as the flesh of women and children!"

"Bah!" said the Major, "half those travellers' tales are the fruit of imagination. People like to tell of their hair-breadth escapes from dangerous countries and cannibal appetites."

"I allow for exaggeration," said Paganel; "but we have the authority of trustworthy persons, the missionaries Kendal and Marsden, Captains Dillon, D'Urville, Laplace, and many more; and I believe their narratives—I cannot but believe them. The New Zealanders are cruel by nature. On the death of a chief, they offer up human sacrifices, and in so doing imagine that they propitiate the dead man, who might injure the living, and at the same time furnish him with servants in the other world! But the custom of eating these posthumous servants after having massacred them, is probably due more to animal appetite than to superstition."

"Still," said John Mangles, "I fancy that superstition does play a part in scenes of cannibalism; and therefore, when the religion changes, the customs ought to change also."

"Very good, friend John," replied Paganel. "But that involves the question of the origin of man-eating. Was it religion, or was it hunger, that first prompted

men to devour each other? It would be idle to discuss that point now. Why men are cannibals is a disputed point. The fact that they are so is a disagreeable reality, which we have to face as best we can."

Paganel was right. Cannibalism has become a fixed fact in New Zealand, as it is in the Fijis, and in Torres Strait. Superstition is no doubt partly to blame, but cannibalism is certainly owing to the fact that there are moments when game is scarce and hunger great. The savages began by eating human flesh to appease the demands of an appetite rarely satiated; subsequently, the priests regulated and sanctified the monstrous custom. What was a meal, was raised to the dignity of a ceremony, that is all.

Besides, in the eyes of the Maories, nothing is more natural than to eat one another. The missionaries often questioned them about cannibalism. They asked them why they devoured their brothers. To which the chiefs made answer, that fish ate fish, dogs eat men, men eat dogs, and dogs eat one another. Even the Maori mythology has a legend of a god who ate another god; and with such a precedent, who could resist eating his neighbour?

Another strange notion is that in eating a dead enemy they consume his spiritual being, and so inherit his soul, his strength, and his bravery, which they hold are specially lodged in the brain. This accounts for the fact that the brain figures in their feasts as the choicest delicacy, and is offered to the most honoured guest.

But while he acknowledged all this, Paganel maintained, not without a show of reason, that sensuality, and especially hunger, was the first cause of cannibalism among the New Zealanders, and not only among the Polynesian races, but also among the savages of Europe.

"For," said he, "cannibalism was long prevalent among the ancestors of the most civilized people, and especially (if the Major will not think me personal) among the Scotch."

"Really," said McNabbs.

"Yes, Major," replied Paganel. "If you read certain passages of Saint Jerome on the Atticoli of Scotland, you will see what he thought of your forefathers. And without going so far back as historic times, under the reign of Elizabeth, when Shakspeare was dreaming out his Shylock, a Scotch bandit, Sawney Bean, was executed for the crime of cannibalism. Was it religion that prompted him to cannibalism? No! it was hunger."

"Hunger?" said John Mangles.

"Hunger!" repeated Paganel; "but, above all, the necessity of the carnivorous appetite of replacing the bodily waste, by the azote contained in animal tissues. The lungs are satisfied with a provision of vegetable and farinaceous food. But to be strong and active, the body must be supplied with those plastic elements that renew the muscles. Until the Maories become members of the Vegetarian Association they will eat meat, and human flesh as meat."

"Why not animal flesh?" asked Glenarvan.

"Because they have no animals," replied Paganel; "and that ought to be taken into account, not to extenuate, but to explain, their cannibal habits. Quadrupeds, and even birds, are rare on these inhospitable shores, so that the Maories have always eaten human flesh. There are even 'man-eating seasons,' as there are in civilized countries hunting seasons. Then begin the great wars, and whole tribes are served up on the tables of the conquerors."

"Well, then," said Glenarvan, "according to your mode of reasoning, Paganel, cannibalism will not cease in New Zealand until her pastures teem with sheep and oxen."

"Evidently, my dear Lord; and even then it will take years to wean them from Maori flesh, which they prefer to all others; for the children will still have a relish for what their fathers so highly appreciated. According to them it tastes like pork, with even more flavour. As to white men's flesh, they do not like it so well, because the whites eat salt with their food, which gives a peculiar flavour, not to the taste of connoisseurs."

"They are dainty," said the Major. "But, black or white, do they eat it raw, or cook it?"

"Why? what is that to you, Mr. McNabbs?" cried Robert.

"What is that to me!" exclaimed the Major, earnestly. "If I am to make a meal for a cannibal, I should prefer being cooked."

"Why?"

"Because then I should be sure of not being eaten alive!"

"Very good, Major," said Paganel; "but suppose they cooked you alive?"

"The fact is," answered the Major, "I would not give half-a-crown for the choice!"

"Well, McNabbs, if it will comfort you, you may as well be told—the New Zealanders do not eat flesh without cooking or smoking it. They are very clever and experienced in cookery. For my part, I very much dislike the idea of being eaten! The idea of ending one's life in the maw of a savage! bah!"

"The conclusion of all," said John Mangles, "is that we must not fall into their hands. Let us hope that one day Christianity will abolish all these monstrous customs."

"Yes, we must hope so," replied Paganel; "but, believe me, a savage who has tasted human flesh, is not easily persuaded to forego it. I will relate two facts which prove it."

"By all means let us have the facts, Paganel," said Glenarvan.

"The first is narrated in the chronicles of the Jesuit Society in Brazil. A Portuguese missionary was one day visiting an old Brazilian woman who was very ill. She had only a few days to live. The Jesuit inculcated the truths of religion, which the dying woman accepted without objection. Then having attended to her spiritual wants, he bethought himself of her bodily

needs, and offered her some European delicacies. 'Alas,' said she, 'my digestion is too weak to bear any kind of food. There is only one thing I could fancy, and nobody here could get it for me.' 'What is it?' asked the Jesuit. 'Ah! my son,' said she, 'it is the hand of a little boy! I feel as if I should enjoy munching the little bones!'"

"Horrid! but I wonder is it so very nice?" said Robert.

"My second tale will answer you, my boy," said Paganel. "One day a missionary was reproving a cannibal for the horrible custom, so abhorrent to God's laws, of eating human flesh! 'And beside,' said he, 'it must be so nasty!' 'Oh! father,' said the savage, looking greedily at the missionary, 'say that God forbids it! That is a reason for what you tell us. But don't say it is nasty! If you had only tasted it! . . . .

CHAPTER VII.

IN WHICH THEY ARRIVE IN THE COUNTRY THEY SHOULD HAVE SHUNNED.

PAGANEL'S facts were indisputable. The cruelty of the New Zealanders was beyond a doubt, therefore it was dangerous to land. But had the danger been a hundredfold greater, it had to be faced. John Mangles felt the necessity of leaving without delay a vessel doomed to certain and speedy destruction. There were two dangers, one certain and the other probable, but no one could hesitate between them.

As to their chance of being picked up by a passing vessel, they could not reasonably hope for it. The *Macquarie* was not in the track of ships bound to New Zealand. They keep further north for Auckland, further south for New Plymouth, and the ship had struck just between these two points, on the desert region of the shores of Ika-na-Mani, a dangerous, difficult coast, and infested by desperate characters.

"When shall we get away?" asked Glenarvan.

"To-morrow morning at ten o'clock," replied John Mangles. "The tide will then turn and carry us to land."

Next day, February 5, at eight o'clock, the raft was finished. John had given all his attention to the building of this structure. The fore-yard which did very well for mooring the anchors, was quite inadequate to the transport of passengers and provisions. What was needed was a strong, manageable raft, that would resist the force of the waves during a passage of nine miles. Nothing but the masts could supply suitable materials.

Wilson and Mulrady set to work; the rigging was cut clear, and the mainmast, chopped away at the base, fell over the starboard rail, which crashed under its weight. The *Macquarie* was thus razeed like a pontoon.

When the lower mast, the topmasts, and the royals were sawn and split, the principal pieces of the raft were ready. They were then joined to the fragments of the foremast, and the whole was fastened securely together. John took the precaution to place in the interstices half-a-dozen empty barrels, which would raise the structure above the level of the water.

On this strong foundation, Wilson laid a kind of floor in open work, made of the gratings off the hatches. The spray could then dash on the raft without staying there, and the passengers would be kept dry. In addition to this, the hose-pipes firmly lashed together formed a kind of circular barrier which protected the deck from the waves.

That morning, John seeing that the wind was in their favour, rigged up the royal-yard in the middle of the raft as a mast. It was stayed with shrouds, and

carried a makeshift sail. A large broad-bladed oar was fixed behind, to act as a rudder in case the wind was sufficient to require it. The greatest pains had been expended on strengthening the raft to resist the force of the waves, but the question remained whether, in the event of a change of wind, they could steer, or indeed, whether they could hope ever to reach the land.

At nine o'clock they began to load. First came the provisions, in quantity sufficient to last till they should reach Auckland, for they could not count on the productions of this barren region.

Olbinett's stores furnished some preserved meat which remained of the purchase made for their voyage in the *Macquarie*. This was but a scanty resource. They had to fall back on the coarse viands of the ship; sea biscuits of inferior quality, and two casks of salt fish. The steward was quite crestfallen.

These provisions were put into hermetically sealed cases, staunch and safe from sea water, and then lowered on to the raft and strongly lashed to the foot of the mast. The arms and ammunition were piled in a dry corner. Fortunately the travellers were well armed with carbines and revolvers.

A holding anchor was also put on board in case John should be unable to make the land in one tide, and would have to seek moorings.

At ten o'clock the tide turned. The breeze blew gently from the north-east, and a slight swell rocked the frail craft.

"Are we ready?" asked John.

"All ready, captain," answered Wilson.

"All aboard!" cried John.

Lady Helena and Mary Grant descended by a rope-ladder, and took their station at the foot of the mast on the cases of provisions, their companions near them. Wilson took the helm. John stood by the tackle, and Mulrady cut the line which held the raft to the ship's side.

The sail was spread, and the frail structure commenced its progress towards the land, aided by wind and tide. The coast was about nine miles off, a distance that a boat with good oars would have accomplished in three hours. But with a raft allowance must be made. If the wind held, they might reach the land in one tide. But if the breeze died away, the ebb would carry them away from the shore, and they would be compelled to anchor and wait for the next tide, a serious consideration, and one that filled John Mangles with anxiety.

Still he hoped to succeed. The wind freshened. The tide had turned at ten o'clock, and by three they must either make the land or anchor, to save themselves from being carried out to sea. They made a good start. Little by little the black heads of the reefs and the yellow banks of sand disappeared under the swelling tide. Extreme watchfulness and perfect skill, were necessary to avoid these submerged rocks, and steer a bark that did not readily answer to the helm, and that constantly broke off.

At noon they were still five miles from shore. A

tolerably clear sky allowed them to make out the principal features of the land. In the north-east rose a mountain about 2500 feet high, whose sharply defined outline was exactly like the grinning face of a monkey turned towards the sky. It was Pirongia, which the map gave as exactly on the 38th parallel.

At half-past twelve, Paganel remarked that all the rocks had disappeared under the rising tide.

"All but one," answered Lady Helena.

"Which, Madame?" asked Paganel.

"There," replied she, pointing to a black speck a mile off.

"Yes, indeed," said Paganel. "Let us try to ascertain its position, so as not to get too near it, for the sea will soon conceal it."

"It is exactly in a line with the northern slope of the mountain," said John Mangles. "Wilson, mind you give it a wide berth."

"Yes, captain," answered the sailor, throwing his whole weight on the great oar that steered the raft.

In half an hour they had made half a mile. But, strange to say, the black point still rose above the waves.

John looked attentively, and in order to make it out, borrowed Paganel's telescope.

"That is no reef," said he, after a moment; "it is something floating, which rises and falls with the swell."

"Is it part of the mast of the *Macquarie?*" answered Lady Helena.

"No," said Glenarvan, "none of her timbers could have come so far."

"Stay!" said John Mangles; "I know it! It is the boat."

"The ship's boat!" exclaimed Glenarvan.

"Yes, my Lord. The ship's boat, keel up."

"The unfortunate creatures," cried Lady Helena, "they have perished!"

"Yes, Madame," replied John Mangles, "they must have perished, for in the midst of these breakers in a heavy swell on that pitchy night, they ran to certain death."

"May God have mercy on them!" murmured Mary Grant.

For a few minutes the passengers were silent. They gazed at the frail craft as they drew near it. It must evidently have capsized about four miles from the shore, and not one of the crew could have escaped.

"But this boat may be of use to us," said Glenarvan.

"That is true," answered John Mangles. "Keep her up, Wilson."

The direction was slightly changed, but the breeze fell gradually, and it was two hours before they reached the boat.

Mulrady, stationed forward, fended off the blow, and the you-you fell alongside.

"Empty?" asked John Mangles.

"Yes, captain," answered the sailor, "the boat is empty, and all its seams are open. It is of no use to us."

"No use at all?" said McNabbs.

"None at all," said John Mangles. "It is good for nothing but to burn."

"I regret it," said Paganel, "for the you-you might have taken us to Auckland."

"We must bear our fate, Monsieur Paganel," replied John Mangles. "But, for my part, in such a stormy sea I prefer our raft to that crazy boat. A very slight shock would be enough to break her up. Therefore, my Lord, we have nothing to detain us further."

"As you think best, John."

"On then, Wilson," said John, "and bear straight for the land."

There was still an hour before the turn of the tide. In that time they might make two miles. But the wind soon fell almost entirely, and the raft became nearly motionless, and soon began to drift to seaward under the influence of the ebb-tide.

John did not hesitate a moment.

"Let go the anchor," said he.

Mulrady, who stood to execute this order, let go the anchor in five fathoms water. The raft backed about two fathoms on the line, which was then at full stretch. The sail was taken in, and everything made snug for a tedious period of inaction.

The returning tide would not occur till nine o'clock in the evening; and as John Mangles did not care to go on in the dark, the anchorage was for the night, or at least till five o'clock in the morning, land being in sight at a distance of less than three miles.

A considerable swell raised the waves, and seemed

to set in continuously towards the coast, and perceiving this, Glenarvan asked John why he did not take advantage of this swell to get nearer to the land.

"Your Lordship is deceived by an optical illusion," said the young captain. "Although the swell seems to carry the waves landward, it does not really move at all. It is a mere undulating molecular motion, nothing more. Throw a piece of wood overboard and you will see that it will remain quite stationary except as the tide affects it. There is nothing for it but patience."

"And dinner," said the Major.

Olbinett unpacked some dried meat and a dozen biscuits. The steward blushed as he proffered the meagre bill of fare. But it was received with a good grace, even by the ladies, who, however, had not much appetite, owing to the violent motion.

This motion, produced by the jerking of the raft on the cable, while she lay head on to the sea, was very severe and fatiguing. The blows of the short, tumbling seas were as severe as if she had been striking on a submerged rock. Sometimes it was hard to believe that she was not aground. The cable strained violently, and every half hour John had to take in a fathom to ease it. Without this precaution it would certainly have given way, and the raft must have drifted to destruction.

John's anxiety may easily be understood. His cable might break, or his anchor lose its hold, and in either case the danger was imminent.

Night drew on; the sun's disk, enlarged by refraction, was dipping blood-red below the horizon. The

distant waves glittered in the west, and sparkled like sheets of liquid silver. Nothing was to be seen in that direction but sky and water, except one sharply-defined object, the hull of the *Macquarie*, motionless on her rocky bed.

The short twilight postponed the darkness only by a few minutes, and soon the coast outline which bounded the view on the east and north, was lost in darkness.

The shipwrecked party were in an agonizing situation on their narrow raft, and overtaken by the shades of night.

Some of the party fell into a troubled sleep, a prey to evil dreams; others could not close an eye. When the day dawned, the whole party were worn out with fatigue.

With the rising tide the wind blew again towards the land. It was six o'clock in the morning, and there was no time to lose. John arranged everything for resuming their voyage, and then he ordered the anchor to be weighed. But the anchor-flukes had been so embedded in the sand by the repeated jerks of the cable, that without a windlass it was impossible to detach it, even with the tackle which Wilson had improvised.

Half an hour was lost in vain efforts. John, impatient of delay, cut the rope, thus sacrificing his anchor, and also the possibility of anchoring again if this tide failed to carry them to land. But he decided that further delay was not to be thought of, and an axe-blow committed the raft to the mercy of the wind, assisted by a current of two knots an hour.

The sail was spread. They drifted slowly towards the land, which rose in grey, hazy masses, on a background of sky illumined by the rising sun. The reef was dexterously avoided and doubled, but with the fitful breeze the raft could not get near the shore. What toil and pain to reach a coast so full of danger when attained.

At nine o'clock, the land was less than a mile off. It was a steeply-shelving shore, fringed with breakers; a practicable landing-place had to be discovered. Gradually the breeze grew fainter, and then ceased entirely. The sail flapped idly against the mast, and John had it furled. The tide alone carried the raft to the shore, but steering had become impossible, and its passage was impeded by immense bands of *fucus*.

At ten o'clock John found himself almost at a standstill, not three cables' length from the shore. Having lost their anchor, they were at the mercy of the ebb-tide. John clenched his hands; he was racked with anxiety, and cast frenzied glances towards this inaccessible shore.

In the midst of his perplexities, a shock was felt. The raft stood still. It had landed on a sandbank, twenty-five fathoms from the coast.

Glenarvan, Robert, Wilson, and Mulrady, jumped into the water. The raft was firmly moored to the nearest rocks. The ladies were carried to land without wetting a fold of their dresses, and soon the whole party with their arms and provisions were finally landed on these much-dreaded New Zealand shores.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PRESENT STATE OF THE COUNTRY THEY REACHED.

GLENARVAN would have liked to start without an hour's delay, and follow the coast to Auckland. But since the morning heavy clouds had been gathering, and towards eleven o'clock, after the landing was effected, the vapours condensed into violent rain, so that instead of starting they had to look for shelter.

Wilson was fortunate enough to discover what just suited their wants: a grotto hollowed out by the sea in the basaltic rocks. Here the travellers took shelter with their arms and provisions. In the cave they found a ready-garnered store of dried sea-weed, which formed a convenient couch; for fire, they lighted some wood near the mouth of the cavern, and dried themselves as well as they could.

John hoped that the duration of this deluge of rain would be in an inverse ratio to its violence, but he was doomed to disappointment. Hours passed without any abatement of its fury. Towards noon the wind freshened, and increased the force of the storm. The most patient

of men would have rebelled at such an untoward incident; but what could be done? Without any vehicle, they could not brave such a tempest; and, after all, unless the natives appeared on the scene, a delay of twelve hours was not of so much consequence, as the journey to Auckland was only a matter of a few days.

During this involuntary halt, the conversation turned on the incidents of the New Zealand war. But to understand and appreciate the critical position into which these *Macquarie* passengers were thrown, something ought to be known of the history of the struggle which had deluged the island of Ika-na-Mani with blood.

Since the arrival of Abel Tasman in Cook's Strait, on the 16th of December, 1642, though the New Zealanders had often been visited by European vessels, they had maintained their liberty in their several islands. No European power had yet thought of taking possession of this archipelago, which commands the whole Pacific Ocean. The missionaries stationed at various points were the sole channels of Christian civilisation. Some of them, especially the Anglicans, prepared the minds of the New Zealand chiefs for submitting to the English yoke. It was cleverly managed, and these chiefs were influenced to sign a letter addressed to Queen Victoria to ask her protection. But the most clearsighted among them saw the folly of this step; and one of them, after having affixed his tattoo-mark to the letter by way of signature, uttered these prophetic words: "We have lost our country! henceforth it is

not ours; soon the stranger will come and take it, and we shall be his slaves."

And so it was; on January 29, 1840, the corvette *Herald* arrived in the Bay of Islands towards the north of Ika-na-Mani. Captain Hobson landed at the village of Kororareka. The natives were invited to a general meeting in the Protestant church. And there Captain Hobson's credentials from the Queen of England were read to the assemblage.

In January of the following year, the principal New Zealand chiefs were summoned to the presence of the English resident at Paia. Captain Hobson tried to obtain their submission by telling them that the Queen had sent troops and vessels to protect them, that their rights would be guaranteed, and their liberty would not be infringed. But their lands were to belong to Queen Victoria to whom they were held bound to sell them.

The majority of the chiefs thought this too high a price for protection, and refused their consent. But what Captain Hobson's grandiloquent speeches failed to obtain, was purchased by presents and promises which were more potent over these savage natures.

From the year 1840, till the day the *Duncan* left the Clyde, nothing had happened here that Paganel did not know, and he was ready to impart his information to his companions.

"Madame," said he in answer to Lady Helena's questions, "I must repeat what I had occasion to remark before, that the New Zealanders are a courageous people, who yielded for a moment, but

afterwards fought foot to foot, against the English invaders. The Maori tribes are organized like the old clans of Scotland. They are so many great families owning a chief, who is very jealous of his prerogative. The men of this race are proud and brave, one tribe tall with straight hair, like the Maltese, or the Jews of Bagdad; the other smaller, thickset like mulattoes, but robust, haughty, and warlike. They had a famous chief, named Hihi, a real Vercingétorix, so that you need not be astonished that the war with the English has become chronic in the Northern Island, for in it is the famous tribe of the Waikatos, who defend their lands under the leadership of William Thompson."

"But," said John Mangles, "are not the English in possession of the principal points of New Zealand?"

"Certainly, dear John," replied Paganel. "After Captain Hobson took formal possession, and became governor, nine colonies were founded at various times between 1840 and 1862, in the most favourable situations. These formed the nucleus of nine provinces, four in the North Island, Auckland, Taranaki, Wellington and Hawkes' Bay, and five in the southern island, Nelson, Marlborough, Canterbury, Otago, and Southland, with a total population of 184,346 inhabitants on the 30th of June, 1864. Large and important trading towns have risen in all parts. When we reach Auckland we shall be enchanted with the situation of this southern Corinth, commanding its narrow isthmus, thrown like a bridge across the sea; the city

already numbers 12,000 inhabitants. On the west coast, New Plymouth, on the east, Ahuhiri, on the south, Wellington, are already flourishing and frequented towns. In the Southern Island, Tawai-Pounamou, there are Nelson, the Montpellier of the antipodes, and the garden of New Zealand, Picton in Cook's straits, Christchurch, Invercargill and Dunedin, the two latter in the opulent province of Otago, which attracted gold-seekers from all parts of the world. And it should be remarked that these towns are not assemblages of huts, or savage settlements, but real cities, with ports, cathedrals, banks, docks, botanic gardens, museums of natural history, acclimatisation societies, journals, hospitals, benevolent associations, philosophical institutes, Masonic lodges, clubs, choral societies, theatres, Exhibition buildings, just as in London or Paris! And if my memory serves me, in this very year of 1865, in this land of cannibals, there was to be, and probably is now while I am speaking, a Universal Exhibition, in which the products of the whole world will be brought together."

"What! in spite of the war with the natives?" asked Lady Helena.

"Madame, the English do not trouble themselves much about a war. The fighting and the exhibiting go on at the same time. They are making railways under fire from the Maories. In Auckland province the Drury and Mere-Mere railways intersect the principal districts occupied by the rebels. I warrant that the workmen fire from the top of the locomotives."

"But what about this interminable war?" asked John Mangles.

"Well!" said Paganel, "six long months have gone by since we left Europe, and I cannot say what may have happened during that time, with the exception of a few facts, which I gathered from the newspapers of Maryborough and Seymour during our Australian journey. At that time the fighting was very lively in the Northern Island."

"And when did the war commence?" asked Mary Grant.

"Recommence, you mean, my dear young lady," replied Paganel; "for there was an insurrection so far back as 1845. The present war began towards the close of 1863; but long before that date the Maories were occupied in making preparations to shake off the English yoke. The national party among the natives carried on an active propaganda for the election of a Maori ruler. The object was to make old Potatau king, and to fix as the capital of the new kingdom, his village, which lay between the Waikato and Waipa Rivers. Potatau was an old man, remarkable rather for cunning than bravery; but he had a Prime Minister who was both intelligent and energetic, a descendant of the Ngatihahuas, who occupied the isthmus before the arrival of the strangers. This minister, William Thompson, became the soul of the War of Independence, and organized the Maori troops with great skill. Under this guidance a Taranaki chief rallied the scattered tribes around the same flag; a Waikato chief formed a

'Land League,' intended to prevent the natives from selling their land to the English Government, and warlike feasts were held just as in civilized countries on the verge of revolution. The English newspapers began to notice these alarming symptoms, and the Government became seriously disturbed at these 'Land League' proceedings. In short, the train was laid, and the mine was ready to explode. Nothing was wanted but the spark, or rather the shock of rival interests to produce the spark.

"This shock took place in 1860, in the Taranaki province on the south-west coast of Ika-na-Mani. A native had six hundred acres of land in the neighbourhood of New Plymouth. He sold them to the English Government; but when the surveyor came to measure the purchased land, the chief Kingi protested, and by the month of March he had made the six hundred acres in question into a fortified camp, surrounded with high palisades. Some days after Colonel Gold carried this fortress at the head of his troops, and that day heard the first shot fired of the native war."

"Are the Maories numerous?" asked John Mangles.

"Their numbers have been very much reduced within the last century," replied the geographer. "In 1769 Cook estimated them at 400,000. In 1845 the census of the native protectorate brought it down to 190,000. The massacres incident to civilization, together with disease and fire-water, have decimated them; but in the two islands there now remain 90,000 natives, of

whom 30,000 are fighting men, who will be able for a considerable time to keep the English troops at bay."

"Have the rebels been successful up to this time?" asked Lady Helena.

"Yes, Madame, and the English themselves have often been compelled to admire the courage and bravery of the New Zealanders. Their mode of warfare is of the guerilla type; they form skirmishing parties, come down on small detachments, and pillage the colonists' homes. General Cameron had no easy time in these campaigns, during which every bush had to be searched. In 1863, after a long and sanguinary struggle, the Maories were entrenched in strong and fortified position on the Upper Waikato, at the end of a chain of steep hills, and covered by three miles of forts. The native prophets called on all the Maori population to defend the soil, and promised the extermination of the Pakekas, or white men. General Cameron had three thousand volunteers at his disposal, and they gave no quarter to the Maories after the barbarous murder of Captain Sprent. Several bloody engagements took place; in some instances the fighting lasted twelve hours before the Maories yielded to the English cannonade. The heart of the army was the fierce Waikato tribe under William Thompson. This native general commanded at the outset 2500 warriors, afterwards increased to 8000. The men of Shongi and Heki, two powerful chiefs, came to his assistance. The women took their part in the most trying labours of this patriotic war

But right has not always might. After severe struggles General Cameron succeeded in subduing the Waikato district, but empty and depopulated, for the Maories escaped in all directions. Some wonderful exploits were related. Four hundred Maories who were shut up in the fortress of Orakau, besieged by 1000 English, under Brigadier-General Carey, without water or provisions, refused to surrender, but one day at noon cut their way through the then decimated 40th Regiment, and escaped to the marshes."

"But," asked John Mangles, "did the submission of the Waikato district, put an end to this sanguinary war?"

"No, my friend," replied Paganel. "The English resolved to march on Taranaki province and besiege Mataitawa, William Thompson's fortress But they did not carry it without great loss. Just as I was leaving Paris, I heard that the governor and the general had accepted the submission of the Tauranga tribes, and left them in possession of three-fourths of their lands. It was also rumoured that the principal chief of the rebellion, William Thompson was inclined to surrender, but the Australian papers have not confirmed this, but rather the contrary, and I should not be surprised to find that at this moment the war is going on with renewed vigour."

"Then, according to you, Paganel," said Glenarvan, "this struggle is still going on in the provinces of Auckland and Taranaki?"

"I think so."

"This very province where the *Macquarie's* wreck has deposited us."

"Exactly. We have landed a few miles above Kawhia harbour, where the Maori flag is probably still floating."

"Then our most prudent course would be to keep towards the north," remarked Glenarvan.

"By far the most prudent," said Paganel. "The New Zealanders are incensed against Europeans, and especially against the English. Therefore let us avoid falling into their hands."

"We might have the good fortune to fall in with a detachment of European troops," said Lady Helena.

"We may, Madame," replied the geographer; "but I do not expect it. Detached parties do not like to go far into the country, where the smallest tussock, the thinnest brushwood, may conceal an accomplished marksman. I don't fancy we shall pick up an escort of the 40th Regiment. But there are mission-stations on this west coast, and we shall be able to make them our halting-places till we get to Auckland. I think also that we may even fall in with the track Dr. Hochstetter took along the course of the Waikato."

"Was he a traveller, Monsieur Paganel?" inquired Robert Grant.

"Yes, my boy, a member of the scientific commission on board the Austrian frigate *Novara*, during its voyage round the world in 1858.

"Monsieur Paganel," answered Robert, whose eyes kindled at the thought of great geographical expeditions,

"have there been any celebrated travellers in New Zealand as Burke and Stuart in Australia?"

"Several, my child, such as Dr. Hooker, Professor Brizard, Dieffenbach, and Julius Haast, the two latter naturalists; but though some of them have paid with their lives for their love of adventure, none of them have reached the celebrity of the Australian or African voyagers."

"And do you know their history?"

"Yes, my boy, and as I see you want to be as wise as myself, I will tell you all I know."

"Thanks, Monsieur Paganel, I am all attention."

"We also," said Lady Helena. "It is not the first time that bad weather has driven us to improve our minds. So your remarks may be general, Monsieur Paganel."

"As you will, Madame," said the geographer; "but my story will not be a long one. It is not a tale of bold explorers, who strove foot to foot with the Australian Minotaur. New Zealand is a country too limited in extent to remain long unexamined; so that my heroes were rather tourists than travellers, properly so called, and fell victims to the most prosaic accidents."

"And their names?" said Mary Grant.

"The surveyor Whitcombe, and Charlton Howitt, the same who found the remains of Burke,* in that

* This is an error. Charlton Howitt was the younger brother of Alfred Howitt, who found the remains of Burke and Wills' expedition, and who is now the respected magistrate at Omeo, in Gippsland. Both were sons of William and Mary Howitt, the well-known authors. [Trans.]

memorable expedition which I narrated to you during our halt on the banks of the Wimerra. Whitcombe and Howitt were each in command of an exploring party in the South island. Both set out from Christchurch in the early part of 1863, to discover different routes across the northern mountain range of the Canterbury province. Howitt crossed the chain at the northern boundary of the province, and established his head-quarters on Lake Brunner. Whitcombe found in the Rakaia Valley a pass which debouched on the eastern side of Mount Tyndall. He had a travelling companion, Jacob Louper, who published in the 'Lyttleton Times' the story of the journey and the catastrophe. If my recollection does not fail me, it was on the 22nd of April, 1863, that the two explorers found themselves at the foot of the glacier where the river Rakaia takes its rise. They ascended the mountain, and began their search for a new pass.

"Next day, Whitcombe and Louper, exhausted by fatigue and exposure, camped during a snow-storm at a height of 4000 feet above the sea-level. During seven days they wandered among the mountains, in valleys whose rocky walls afforded no outlet. They were often without fire or food, their sugar turned to syrup, their biscuit to a damp paste, their clothes and blankets streamed with water; and, besides, they were tormented with insects. On some days they made long journeys of three miles, on other days short ones of not more than two hundred yards. At last, on the 29th of April, they came to a Maori hut and found in a garden a few

handfuls of potatoes; this was the last meal the friends ate together. That evening they reached the sea-shore, near the mouth of the Teremakau. They had then to cross to the right bank to get north towards the Grey River. The Teremakau was wide and deep. Louper, after an hour's search, found two little leaky boats, which he repaired as well as he could and fastened together, and towards evening they embarked. But they scarcely reached the middle of the current, when the boats filled with water. Whitcombe took to swimming, and returned to the left bank. Jacob Louper, who did not know how to swim, stuck to the boat, and this saved him, but not without considerable peril. The unfortunate man was carried out towards the breakers. The first wave sent him to the bottom, and a second brought him up again; he was dashed against the rocks. A very dark night came on, and the rain fell in torrents. Louper was knocked about on the waves for many hours, till his body was swollen and bleeding. At last the boat touched the land, and its unfortunate occupant was thrown senseless on the shore. Next day, as soon as it was light, he dragged himself to a spring, and perceived that the current had carried him a mile from the spot where he had tried to cross. He managed to get up, and followed the coast, and soon found the unfortunate Whitcombe, whose head and body were buried in the oozy mud. Louper dug a grave with his hands in the sand, and buried the corpse of his comrade. Two days after he was found dying of hunger by some hospitable Maories—for there are such—and on the

4th of May he reached Howitt's camp on Lake Brunner. Six weeks after, Howitt himself perished like the unfortunate Whitcombe."

"Yes," said John Mangles, "it really seems as if these misfortunes were linked together, and that a fatal bond unites explorers, and if one link is broken all perish."

"You are right, friend John," replied Paganel; "and I have often made the same remark. By what law of solidarity was Howitt led to his fate under nearly the same circumstances? who can tell? Charlton Howitt had been engaged by Mr. Wyde, at the head of the Public Works Department, to survey a practicable bridle-track from the Hurunui plain to the mouth of the Teremakau. He started on the 1st of January, 1863, accompanied by five men. He accomplished his task with great intelligence, and a road forty miles long was cleared as far as an unfordable point on the Teremakau. Howitt came back to Christchurch, and notwithstanding the approach of winter, he wished to prosecute the undertaking. Mr. Wyde consented. Howitt set off to provision his camp, in order to be ready for the winter season. It was then he met Jacob Louper.

The 27th of June, Howitt and two of his men, Robert Little and Henry Mullins, left the camp. They embarked on Lake Brunner, and were never seen again. Their boat, frail and low in the water, was found stranded on the shore. For nine weeks they were searched for in vain, and there could be no doubt

that the unfortunate fellows, unable to swim, were drowned in the waters of the lake."

"But why should they not be safe and sound at this moment, amongst some New Zealand tribe?" said Lady Helena. "One may surely doubt their death."

"Alas! no, Madame," replied Paganel. "A year after the accident, they had not reappeared—and when a year passes without tidings of the lost in this country, they are lost indeed." He said this in a low voice.

CHAPTER IX.

NORTHWARD.

On the 7th of February, at six o'clock in the morning, the signal for departure was given by Glenarvan. During the night the rain had ceased. The sky was veiled with light grey clouds, which moderated the heat of the sun, and allowed the travellers to venture on a journey by day.

Paganel had measured on the map a distance of eighty miles between Point Kawhia and Auckland; it was an eight days' journey if they made ten miles a day. But instead of following the windings of the coast, he thought it better to make for a point thirty miles off, at the confluence of the Waikato and the Waipa, at the village of Ngarnavahia. The "overland track" passes that point, and is rather a path than a road, practicable for the vehicles which go almost across the island, from Napier, in Hawke's Bay, to Auckland. From this village it would be easy to reach Drury, and there they could rest in an excellent hotel, highly recommended by Dr. Hochstetter.

The travellers, each carrying a share of the provisions,

commenced to follow the shore of Aotea Bay. From prudential motives they did not allow themselves to straggle, and by instinct they kept a look out over the undulating plains to the eastward, ready with their loaded carbines. Paganel, map in hand, took a professional pleasure in verifying the minutest details.

During part of the day, the little party were walking on sand composed of fragments of bivalve shells, cuttle-fish bones, and a great proportion of peroxide and protoxide of iron. A magnet touching the ground was instantly covered with brilliant crystals.

On the beach, lapped by the rising tide, some marine animals were disporting themselves and showed no inclination to make their escape. The seals, with their rounded heads, their large projecting foreheads, their expressive eyes, gazed with a gentle, almost affectionate expression. It was easy to understand how the fable had idealised these curious tenants of the sea, and turned them into enchantresses or syrens, though their voice was only an unmusical croak. These animals abound on the New Zealand coast, and are of some commercial importance. They are caught for their oil and for their fur.

Among them were conspicuous three or four sea elephants, of a bluish grey, and from twenty-five to thirty feet in length. These enormous amphibia, idly stretched on thick beds of giant laminaria, erected their flexile trunks and grinned till they shook the coarse hair of their long twisted moustaches which were got up like those of a dandy. Robert was absorbed in con-

templating the novel sight, when he suddenly exclaimed with a tone of surprise—

"Look! the seals are eating stones!"

And so it was; several of them were swallowing the stones of the beach with gluttonous avidity.

"Upon my word, that is so!" said Paganel. "Nobody can deny that they feed upon the shingle."

"Queer food," said Robert, "and rather hard of digestion!"

"It is not by way of nourishment, my boy, that they swallow the stones, but as ballast. It is to increase their specific gravity, and enable them the more readily to sink in the water. Once more on dry land, they will reject the stones again. You will soon see them take to the water."

And surely enough, in a few minutes, half-a-dozen of the seals, having taken in sufficient ballast, dragged themselves heavily along the shores, and disappeared under the water. But Glenarvan could not afford to lose precious time in watching for their return, to observe the process of unballasting, and to Paganel's great regret, the journey was resumed.

At ten o'clock, a halt was called for breakfast, just at the foot of some great basaltic rocks, standing like a Celtic dolman on the sea-shore. An oyster bed furnished them with plenty of these molluscs. The oysters were small, and not very pleasant to the taste. But under Paganel's advice, Olbinett cooked them on hot coals, and thus prepared, dozens followed dozens during the whole time of breakfast.

After this delay, they set out again and followed the shores of the bay. On its rocky points, on the top of the cliffs, were congregated a whole world of sea-birds, frigate-birds, boobies, sea-gulls, gigantic albatrosses, sitting perfectly motionless on the edge of the sharp rocks. At four o'clock in the afternoon, ten miles were accomplished without difficulty or fatigue, and the ladies wished to go on till evening. At this point the direction of their route had to be slightly changed; they had to go round a mountain spur and then strike into the Waipa Valley.

The country looked like an immense prairie which faded into distance and promised an easy walk. But the travellers were undeceived when they came to the edge of this verdant plain. The grass gave way to a low scrub of small bushes bearing little white flowers, mixed with those innumerable tall ferns with which the lands of New Zealand abound. They had to cut a path across the plain, through these woody stems, and this was a matter of some difficulty, but at eight o'clock in the evening the first slopes of the Hakarihoata Ranges were turned, and the party camped immediately.

After a fourteen miles' march, they might well think of resting. Neither wagon nor tent being available, they sought repose beneath some magnificent Norfolk Island pines. They had plenty of rugs which make good beds.

Glenarvan took every possible precaution for the night. His companions and he, well armed, were to watch in turns, two and two, till daybreak. No fires were lighted. Barriers of fire are a potent preservation

from wild beasts, but New Zealand has neither tiger, nor lion, nor bear, nor any wild animal, but the Maori adequately fills their place, and a fire would only have served to attract this two-footed jaguar.

The night passed pleasantly with the exception of the attack of the sand-flies, called by the natives, "ngamu," and the visit of an audacious family of rats, who exercised their teeth on the provisions.

Next day, on the 8th of February, Paganel rose more sanguine, and almost reconciled to the country. The Maories, whom he particularly dreaded, had not yet appeared, and these ferocious cannibals had not molested him even in his dreams. He told Glenarvan how much he was relieved.

"I begin to think that our little journey will end favourably. This evening we shall reach the confluence of the Waipa and Waikato, and after that there is not much chance of meeting natives on the way to Auckland."

"How far is it now," said Glenarvan, "to the confluence of the Waipa and Waikato?"

"Fifteen miles; just about what we did yesterday."

"But we shall be terribly delayed if this interminable scrub continues to obstruct our path."

"No," said Paganel, "we shall follow the banks of the Waipa, and then we shall have no obstacle, but on the contrary, a very easy road."

"Well then," said Glenarvan, seeing the ladies ready, "let us make a start."

During the early part of the day, the thick brush-

wood seriously impeded their progress. Neither wagon nor horses could have passed where travellers passed, so that their Australian vehicle was but slightly regretted. Until practicable wagon roads are cut through these forests of scrub, New Zealand will only be accessible to foot passengers. The ferns, whose name is legion, concur with the Maories in keeping strangers off the lands.

The little party overcame many obstacles in crossing the plains in which the Hakarihoata Ranges rise. But before noon they reached the banks of the Waipa, and followed the northward course of the river.

It was a charming valley intersected by little clear fresh water creeks, which rippled merrily under the foliage. According to Hooker, the botanist, New Zealand is now known to possess two thousand species of plants, of which five hundred are peculiar to it. Flowers are of infrequent occurrence and feeble in colouring, and there is an almost entire absence of animals, but ferns, grasses, and umbelliferæ abound.

Some tall trees rose here and there, from the lower level of sombre vegetation. Metrosideros with its scarlet flowers, Norfolk Island pines, thujas with vertically compressed branches, and the "rimu," a kind of cypress, as funereal in appearance as its European relatives; and the trunk of every tree bristled with ferns of infinite variety.

Between the branches of the tall trees, above the tops of the underwood, some kakatoes fluttered and chattered, the green "kakariki" with a red band under

the throat, the "taupo," adorned with a fine pair of black whiskers, and a parrot as big as a duck, which the naturalists have named the "Nestor meridionalis."

The Major and Robert, without leaving their companions, shot some snipe and partridge under the low shrubs of the plain. Olbinett, to save time, plucked the birds as he went along.

Paganel was less absorbed by the culinary importance of the game than by the desire of obtaining some bird peculiar to New Zealand. His curiosity as a naturalist overcame his hunger as a traveller. He called to mind the peculiarities of the "tui" of the natives, sometimes called the mocking-bird from its incessant chuckle, and sometimes "the parson," in allusion to the white cravat it wears over its black, cassock-like plumage.

"The tui," said Paganel to the Major, "grows so fat during the winter that it makes him ill, and prevents him from flying. Then he tears his breast with his beak, to relieve himself of his fat, and so becomes lighter. Does not that seem to you singular, McNabbs?"

"So singular that I don't believe a word of it," replied the Major.

Paganel, to his great regret, could not find a single specimen, or he might have shown the incredulous Major the bloody scars on the breast. But he was more fortunate with a strange animal which, hunted by men, cats, and dogs, has fled towards the unoccupied country and is fast disappearing from the fauna of New

Zealand. Robert, searching like a ferret, came upon a nest made of interwoven roots, and in it a pair of birds destitute of wings and tail, with four toes, a long snipe-like beak, and a covering of white feathers over the whole body, singular creatures, which seemed to connect the oviparous tribes with the mammifers.

It was the New Zealand "kiwi," the *Apteryx australis* of naturalists, which lives with equal satisfaction on larvæ, insects, worms or seeds. This bird is peculiar to the country. It has been introduced into very few of the zoological collections of Europe. Its graceless shape and comical motions have always attracted the notice of travellers, and during the great exploration of the *Astrolabe* and the *Zelée*, Dumont d'Urville was principally charged by the Academy of Sciences to bring back a specimen of these singular birds. But in spite of rewards offered to the natives, he could not obtain a single living specimen.

Paganel, who was elated at such a piece of luck, tied the two birds together, and carried them along with the intention of presenting them to the Jardin des Plantes in Paris. "Presented by M. Jacques Paganel." He mentally saw the flattering inscription on the handsomest cage in the gardens. Sanguine geographer!

The party pursued their way without fatigue along the banks of the Waipa. The country was quite deserted; not a trace of natives, nor any track that could betray the existence of man. The stream was fringed with tall bushes, or glided along sloping banks, so that

nothing obstructed the view of the low range of hills which closed the eastern end of the valley. With their grotesque shapes, and their outlines lost in a deceptive haze, they brought to mind giant animals, worthy of antediluvian times. They might have been a herd of enormous whales, suddenly turned to stone. These disrupted masses proclaimed their essentially volcanic character. New Zealand is, in fact, a formation of recent plutonic origin. Its emergence from the sea is constantly increasing. Some points are known to have risen six feet in twenty years. Fire still runs across its centre, shakes it, convulses it, and finds an outlet in many places by the mouths of geysers and the craters of volcanoes.

At four in the afternoon, nine miles had been easily accomplished. According to the map which Paganel constantly referred to, the confluence of the Waipa and Waikato ought to be reached about five miles farther on, and there the night halt could be made. Two or three days would then suffice for the fifty miles which lay between them and the capital; and if Glenarvan happened to fall in with the mail-coach that plies between Hawkes' Bay and Auckland twice a month, eight hours would be sufficient.

"Therefore," said Glenarvan, "we shall be obliged to camp during the night once more."

"Yes," said Paganel, "but I hope for the last time."

"I am very glad to think so, for it is very trying for Lady Helena and Mary Grant."

"And they never utter a murmur," added John Mangles. "But I think I heard you mention a village at the confluence of these rivers."

"Yes," said the geographer, "here it is, marked on Johnston's map. It is Ngarnavahia, two miles below the junction."

"Well, could we not stay there for the night? Lady Helena and Miss Grant would not grudge two miles more to find a hotel even of a humble character."

"An hotel!" cried Paganel, "an hotel in a Maori village! you will not find an inn, not a tavern! This village will be a mere cluster of huts, and so far from seeking rest there, my advice is that you give it a wide berth."

"Your old fears, Paganel!" retorted Glenarvan.

"My dear Lord, where Maories are concerned, distrust is safer than confidence. I do not know on what terms they are with the English, whether the insurrection is suppressed or successful, or whether indeed the war may not be going on with full vigour. Modesty apart, people like us would be a prize, and I must say, I would rather forego a taste of Maori hospitality. I think it certainly more prudent to avoid this village of Ngarnavahia, to skirt it at a distance, so as to avoid all encounters with the natives. When we reach Drury it will be another thing, and there our brave ladies will be able to recruit their strength at their leisure."

This advice prevailed. Lady Helena preferred to pass another night in the open air, and not to expose

her companions to danger. Neither Mary Grant nor she wished to halt, and they continued their march along the river.

Two hours later, the first shades of evening began to fall. The sun, before disappearing below the western horizon, darted some bright rays through an opening in the clouds. The distant eastern summits were empurpled with the parting glories of the day. It was like a flying salute addressed to the way-worn travellers.

Glenarvan and his friends hastened their steps; they knew how short the twilight is in this high latitude, and how quickly the night follows it. They were very anxious to reach the confluence of the two rivers before the darkness overtook them. But a thick fog rose from the ground, and made it very difficult to see the way.

Fortunately hearing stood them in the stead of sight; shortly a nearer sound of water indicated that the confluence was at hand. At eight o'clock the little troop arrived at the point where the Waipa loses itself in the Waikato, with a moaning sound of meeting waves.

"There is the Waikato?" cried Paganel, "and the road to Auckland is along its right bank."

"We shall see that to-morrow," said the Major. "Let us camp here. It seems to me that that dark shadow is that of a little clump of trees grown expressly to shelter us. Let us have supper and then get some sleep."

"Supper by all means," said Paganel, "but no fire; nothing but biscuit and dried meat. We have reached this spot incognito, let us try and get away in the same manner. By good luck, the fog is in our favour."

The clump of trees was reached and all concurred in the wish of the geographer. The cold supper was eaten without a sound, and presently a profound sleep overcame the travellers who were tolerably fatigued with their fifteen miles' march.

CHAPTER X.

THE NATIONAL RIVER.

THE next morning at daybreak a thick fog was clinging to the surface of the river. A portion of the vapours that saturated the air were condensed by the cold, and lay as a dense cloud on the water. But the rays of the sun soon broke through the watery mass and melted it away.

A tongue of land, sharply pointed and bristling with bushes, projected into the uniting streams. The swifter waters of the Waipa rushed against the current of the Waikato for a quarter of a mile before they mingled with it; but the calm and majestic river soon quieted the noisy stream and carried it off quietly in its course to the Pacific Ocean.

When the vapour disappeared, a boat was seen ascending the current of the Waikato. It was a canoe seventy feet long, five broad, and three deep; the prow raised like that of a Venetian gondola, and the whole hollowed out of the trunk of a kahikatea. A bed of dry fern was laid at the bottom. It was swiftly rowed by eight oars, and steered with a paddle by a man seated in the stern.

This man was a tall Maori, about forty-five years of age, broad-chested, muscular, with powerful developed hands and feet. His prominent and deeply-furrowed brow, his fierce look, and sinister expression, gave him a formidable aspect.

Tattooing, or "moko," as the New Zealanders call it, is a mark of great distinction. None is worthy of these honorary lines, who has not distinguished himself in repeated fights. The slaves, and the lower class, cannot obtain this decoration. Chiefs of high position may be known by the finish and precision and truth of the design, which sometimes covers their whole bodies with the figures of animals. Some are found to undergo the painful operation of "moko" five times. The more illustrious, the more illustrated, is the rule of New Zealand.

Dumont D'Urville has given some curious details as to this custom. He justly observes that "moko" is the counterpart of the armorial bearings of which many families in Europe are so vain. But he remarks that there is this difference: the armorial bearings of Europe are frequently a proof only of the merits of the first who bore them, and are no certificate of the merits of his descendants; while the individual coat-of-arms of the Maori is an irrefragable proof that it was earned by the display of extraordinary personal courage.

The practice of tatooing, independently of the consideration it procures, has also a useful aspect. It gives the cutaneous system an increased thickness, enabling

it to resist the inclemency of the season and the incessant attacks of the mosquito.

As to the chief who was steering the canoe, there could be no mistake. The sharpened albatross bone used by the Maori tattooer, had five times scored his countenance. He was in his fifth edition, and betrayed it in his haughty bearing.

His figure, draped in a large mat woven of "phormium" trimmed with dogskins, was clothed with a pair of cotton drawers, blood-stained from recent combats. From the pendant lobe of his ears hung earrings of green jade, and round his neck was a quivering necklace of "pounamous," a kind of jade stone sacred among the New Zealanders. At his side lay an English rifle, and a "patou-patou," a kind of two-headed axe of an emerald colour, and eighteen inches long. Beside him sat nine armed warriors of inferior rank, ferocious looking fellows, some of them suffering from recent wounds. They sat quite motionless, wrapped in their flax mantles. Three savage-looking dogs lay at their feet. The eight rowers in the prow, seemed to be servants or slaves of the chief. They rowed vigorously, and propelled the boat against the not very rapid current of the Waikato, with extraordinary velocity.

In the centre of this long canoe, with their feet tied together, sate ten European prisoners closely packed together.

It was Glenarvan and Lady Helena, Mary Grant, Robert, Paganel, the Major, John Mangles, the steward, and the two sailors.

The night before, the little band had unwittingly, owing to the mist, encamped in the midst of a numerous party of natives. Toward the middle of the night they were surprised in their sleep, were made prisoners, and carried on board the canoe. They had not been ill-treated, so far, but all attempts at resistance had been vain. Their arms and ammunition were in the hands of the savages, and they would soon have been targets for their own balls.

They were soon aware, from a few English words used by the natives, that they were a retreating party of a tribe who had been beaten and decimated by the English troops, and were on their way back to the Upper Waikato. The Maori chief, whose principal warriors had been picked off by the soldiers of the 42nd Regiment, was returning to make a final appeal to the tribes of the Waikato district, so that he might go to the aid of the indomitable William Thompson, who was still holding his own against the conquerors. The chief's name was "Kai-Koumou," a name of evil boding in the native language, meaning "He who eats the limbs of his enemy." He was bold and brave, but his cruelty was equally remarkable. No pity was to be expected at his hands. His name was well known to the English soldiers, and a price had been set on his head by the governor of New Zealand.

This terrible blow befel Glenarvan at the very moment when he was about to reach the long-desired haven of Auckland, and so regain his own country; but no one who looked at his cool, calm features, could

have guessed the anguish he endured. Glenarvan always rose to his misfortunes. He felt that his part was to be the strength and the example of his wife and companions; that he was the head and chief; ready to die for the rest if circumstances required it. He was of a deeply religious turn of mind, and never lost his trust in Providence nor his belief in the sacred character of his enterprise. In the midst of this crowning peril he did not give way to any feeling of regret at having been induced to venture into this country of savages.

His companions were worthy of him; they entered into his lofty views; and judging by their quiet and haughty demeanour, it would scarcely have been supposed that they were hurrying to the final catastrophe. With one accord, and by Glenarvan's advice, they resolved to affect utter indifference before the natives. It was the only way to impress these ferocious natures. Savages in general, and particularly the Maories, have a notion of dignity from which they never derogate. They respect, above all things, coolness and courage. Glenarvan was aware that by this mode of procedure, he and his companions would spare themselves needless humiliation.

From the moment of embarking, the natives, who were very taciturn, like all savages, had scarcely exchanged a word, but from the few sentences they did utter, Glenarvan felt certain that the English language was familiar to them. He therefore made up his mind to question the chief on the fate that awaited

them. Addressing himself to Kai-Koumou, he said in a perfectly unconcerned voice :—

"Where are we going, chief?"

Kai-Koumou looked coolly at him and made no answer.

"What are you going to do with us?" pursued Glenarvan.

A sudden gleam flashed into the eyes of Kai-Koumou and he said in a deep voice—

"Exchange you, if your own people care to have you; eat you if they don't."

Glenarvan asked no further questions; but hope revived in his heart. He concluded that some Maori chief had fallen into the hands of the English, and that the natives would try to get them exchanged. So they had a chance of salvation, and the case was not quite so desperate.

The canoe was speeding rapidly up the river. Paganel, whose excitable temperament always rebounded from one extreme to the other, had quite regained his spirits. He consoled himself that the natives were saving them the trouble of the journey to the English outposts, and that was so much gain. So he took it quite quietly and followed on the map the course of the Waikato across the plains and valleys of the province. Lady Helena and Mary Grant concealing their alarm, conversed in a low voice with Glenarvan, and the keenest physiognomists would have failed to see any anxiety in their faces.

The Waikato is the national river in New Zealand.

It is to the Maories what the Rhine is to the Germans, and the Danube to the Slavs. In its course of 200 miles it waters the finest lands of the North island, from the province of Wellington to the province of Auckland. It gave its name to all those indomitable tribes of the river district, which rose *en masse* against the invaders.

The waters of this river are still almost strangers to any craft but the native canoe. The most audacious tourist would scarcely venture to invade these sacred shores; in fact, the Upper Waikato is sealed against profane Europeans.

Paganel was aware of the feelings of veneration with which the natives regard this great arterial stream. He knew that the English and German naturalists had never penetrated further than its junction with the Waipa. He wondered how far the good pleasure of Kai-Koumou would carry his captives? He could not have guessed, but for hearing the word "Taupo" repeatedly uttered between the chief and his warriors. He consulted his map and saw that "Taupo" was the name of a lake celebrated in geographical annals, and lying in the most mountainous part of the island, at the southern extremity of Auckland province. The Waikato passes through this lake and then flows on for 120 miles.

Paganel speaking French to John Mangles so as not to be intelligible to the savages, asked him what was the rate of the canoe. John thought about three miles an hour.

"At that rate," said the geographer, "if we halt for the night, we may be four days reaching the lake."

"But where are the English outposts?" said Glenarvan.

"It is difficult to say!" replied Paganel. "But as the war has probably extended into the province of Taranaki, and in all likelihood the troops are concentrated at the side of the lake behind the mountains which is the scene of the insurrection."

"God grant it may be so!" said Lady Helena.

Glenarvan looked sadly at his young wife and Mary Grant, at the mercy of these ferocious natives, and being hurried away into wild regions far from all human aid. But he saw Kai-Koumou observing him, and from a prudent desire to conceal from him that one of the captives was his wife, he refrained from any expression of his feelings and gazed vacantly at the banks of the river.

About half a mile above the confluence, the boat, without stopping, passed the former residence of King Potatau. No other canoe was to be seen on the stream. A few huts sparsely scattered on the banks bore witness in their desolation to the horrors of a recent war. The river lands seemed to be abandoned. The only sign of life was the presence of a few aquatic birds. Sometimes the "taparunga," a plover, with black wings, white breast, and red beak, pattered away on its long claws. Herons of three different species, the ash-coloured "matuku" a stupid looking kind of bittern, and the magnificent "kotuku," with white

plumage, yellow beak, and black feet, stood quietly gazing at the canoe as it passed. Where the slope of the banks denoted a certain depth of water, the king-fisher, "kotaré" of the Maories, was watching the little silvery eels that flash in millions in New Zealand rivers. Where the bushes clothed the banks, proud-looking hoopoes, and sultan birds made their morning toilet under the early rays of the sun. All this winged world were revelling in the freedom they enjoyed; their human enemies were driven away or decimated by the war.

During the first part of its course, the Waikato ran for the most part through a plain of vast extent, but after a while hills and then mountains began to narrow the valley where the river had followed its bed. Ten miles above the confluence was the village of Kirikiriroa, just as it was given in Johnston's map. Kai-Koumou did not stop. He ordered for the prisoners their own provisions, which had been taken from them at the camping place. He himself, with his warriors and slaves, contented themselves with Maori food, the eatable fern "pteris esculenta," baked roots, and "kapanas" (potatoes) which are cultivated in abundance in both islands. They had no animal food, and the dried meat of their captives did not seem to awaken their appetite for it.

At three o'clock they came to a point where some mountains rose on the right bank, the Pokaroa Ranges, which resemble a dismantled fortress; on some rocky spurs were perched ruined "pahs," or entrenchments,

raised by Maori skill in impregnable positions. They were like gigantic eagles' nests.

The sun was just sinking below the horizon when the canoe touched a bank covered with the pumice stones which the Waikato brings down from the volcanic mountains. Some trees were growing there, and it looked a suitable place for an encampment. Kai-Koumou landed his prisoners, the men having their hands tied, but the ladies free; all were placed in the centre of the camp and a chain of fires all round prevented any possibility of escape.

Before Kai-Koumou had informed his prisoners of his intention to exchange them, Glenarvan and John Mangles had discussed the means of recovering their liberty. What they could not accomplish in the boat, they hoped to do on shore, when they encamped, with the favouring chances of the night.

But after the chief's communication to Glenarvan it seemed wiser to abstain and have patience. It was the path of prudence. The prospect of exchange was a more hopeful one than could be realized by an armed attack, or by a flight across an unknown country. It was true that many things might yet occur to retard or complicate the negociations; but, in any case, waiting was best. In fact, what could ten people without arms do against thirty well-equipped savages? Glenarvan besides, felt assured that the tribe of Kai-Koumou had lost some distinguished chief whom they were particularly anxious to ransom, and he was right.

Next day, the canoe ascended the river with

enhanced velocity. At ten o'clock it stopped for a moment at the confluence of the Pohaiwhenna, a little river which meandered over the plains beyond the right bank.

There a canoe manned by ten natives, joined Kai-Koumou's boat. The warriors just exchanged salutes, "airé mai ra," which means "come here in good health," and the two canoes rowed in company. The new arrivals had recently been in an engagement with the English troops. This was denoted by their ragged clothes, their blood-stained arms, and the wounds that were still bleeding under their rags. They were gloomy and taciturn, and with the stolid indifference common to all savage races, they took no notice of the Europeans.

At midday the peaks of Maungatotari stood out on the western sky. The valley of the Waikato began to close in, and the river pent within such narrow bounds, dashed on with the violence of a rapid. But the strength of the native rowers, doubled and regulated by a song to which the oars kept time, impelled the boat over the foaming waters. The rapid was passed, and the Waikato resumed its slow course, only varied from mile to mile by the winding of its banks.

Towards evening, Kai-Koumou landed at the foot of the mountains whose nearest spurs ended steeply on the narrow banks. There a score of natives disembarked, and made arrangements for the night. Great fires blazed up under the trees. A chief equal in rank to Kai-Koumou advanced by a prescribed number of

steps, and rubbing his nose against that of Kai-Koumou, he gave him the cordial salute of "chongui." The prisoners were placed in the centre of the camp, and guarded with extreme vigilance.

Next day the tedious journey up the Waikato was resumed. Other boats arrived by the smaller affluents of the river, and the united party now numbered sixty warriors, evidently the fugitives of the last insurrection, who were returning, more or less damaged by English shot, to their mountain retreats. Sometimes a song rose from the procession of boats. A native chaunted the patriotic strain of the mysterious "Pihé"

"Papa ra ti wati tidi
I dounga nei . . . . ."

a national hymn, inciting the Maori race to war for independence. The full and resonant voice of the singer, awakened the echoes of the mountains, and after each couplet, the natives striking their chests which reverberated like drums, took up the warlike chorus, and then with a fresh impulse the canoes breasted the current and flew along the water.

A curious phenomenon occurred on this day, to vary the monotony. About four o'clock, the boat dashed through a narrow passage steered steadily without hesitation, by the unswerving hand of the chief. The eddying waters broke against numberless islands, and the situation looked dangerous. To capsize would be more perilous here than anywhere else on the river, for the banks offered no refuge. To set foot on the boiling mud of the shore would have been certain destruction.

The river ran among the hot springs which have always been so attractive to travellers. The oxide of iron reddened the slime of the banks, where there was not a foothold of solid tufa. The air was pervaded with a sulphurous smell, which seemed innocuous to the natives; but the captives suffered severely from the miasma that rose from rents in the soil, and the gases that burst from every bubble on the stream. But, however the olfactories might rebel at these emanations, the eye could but admire the imposing sight.

The boats ventured right into the thickest vapour of the white cloud. Its dazzling wreaths rose like a dome above the river. On its shores a hundred geysers, some emitting steam, others liquid columns, were as varied in their effects as the jets and cascades of a fountain planned by the hand of man. It was as if some unseen mechanism directed the intermittent play of the springs. Water and vapour as they mingled in the air shone in the sun with all the opal tints of the rainbow.

At this spot the Waikato flows over a shifting bed which is always kept boiling by subterranean fires. Not far off on the side of Lake Rotorua, in the east, were the rumblings of the thermal springs and steaming torrents of Rotomahana and of Tetarata, at which some venturesome travellers have had a glance. The whole region is honeycombed with geysers and craters, and solfataras, which give an outlet for the overflow of gases which cannot escape by the safety valves of Tongariro and Wakari, the only active volcanoes in New Zealand.

For two miles the native canoes navigated the river under this canopy of vapour, wrapped in the steaming folds, which rolled on the surface of the water; then the sulphurous smoke was dispersed, and pure air set in motion by the rapidity of the current, relieved the distressed lungs.

Before the end of the day two more rapids were passed, thanks to the strong rowers. That evening Kai-Koumou encamped a hundred miles from the confluence of the Waipa with the Waikato. The river takes a bend westward, and falls into Lake Taupo like a giant fountain into a basin.

Next day Paganel consulted his map, and recognized on the right bank Mount Tobira, which rises to a height of three thousand feet. At midday the procession of boats arrived at the point where the widening river meets Lake Taupo, and the natives saluted with frantic gestures a tattered flag which fluttered in the wind, at the top of an old hut. It was the Maori standard.

CHAPTER XI.

LAKE TAUPO.

An unfathomable gulf twenty-five miles long, and twenty miles broad, was produced, but long before historic times, by the falling in of caverns among the trachytic lavas of the centre of the island. And these waters falling from the surrounding heights have taken possession of this vast basin. The gulf has become a lake, but it is also an abyss, and no lead-line has yet sounded its depths.

Such is the wondrous lake of Taupo, lying 1250 feet above the level of the sea, and in view of an amphitheatre of mountains 2400 feet high. On the west are rocky peaks of great size; on the north lofty summits clothed with low trees; on the east a broad beach with a road track, and covered with pumice stones, which shimmer through the leafy screen of the bushes; on the southern side rise volcanic cones behind a forest flat. Such is the majestic frame that encloses this vast sheet of water whose roaring tempests rival the cyclones of Ocean.

The whole region boils like an immense cauldron

hung over subterranean fires. The ground vibrates from the agitation of the central furnace. Hot springs filter out everywhere. The crust of the earth cracks in great rifts like a cake too quickly baked, and doubtless this whole plateau would be swallowed in the incandescent furnace, but that the imprisoned vapours find an outlet twelve miles off by the crater of Tongariro.

Viewed from the north bank, this volcano appeared with a crest of smoke and flames, above the small crater-mouths. Tongariro seemed to belong to a rather complicated orographic system. Behind it Mount Ruapahou, isolated on the plain, rose to the height of 9000 feet and buried its summits in the clouds. No mortal foot has trod that inaccessible peak; no human eye has looked into its crater depths, whereas the more practicable summits of Tongariro have been measured three times in twenty years, by Messrs. Bidwell and Dyson, and recently by Dr. Hochstetter.

These volcanoes have their legends, and, under any other circumstances, Paganel would not have failed to enounce them to his companions. He would have told how a woman was the cause of a dispute between Tongariro and Taranaki, who was then his neighbour and friend. Tongariro, who, like all volcanoes, is hot-headed, forgot himself so far as to strike Taranaki. Taranaki in his humiliation fled to the valley of Whanganni, dropped two pieces as he went, and arrived at the sea-shore, where he lifts his lonely head under the name of Mount Egmont.

But Paganel was in no mood for story-telling, nor

his hearers for listening. They gazed silently on the north-eastern shore of Taupo, whither fate, in her most treacherous mood, had brought them. The mission station established by the Rev. Mr. Grace at Pukawa, on the western shore of the lake, was there no longer. War had driven the clergyman far from this spot, which was in the heart of the rebellious districts. The prisoners were alone, at the mercy of a party of Maories greedy of revenge; and, worst of all, they were in the wildest part of the island, where Christianity had made no impression.

Kai-Koumou, in leaving the main stream of the Waikato, had gone up a little creek which acts as a kind of funnel to the river, went round a small promontory and landed on the eastern shore of the lake, at the foot of the lower slopes of Mount Manga, a large, round-shaped hill, 300 or 400 feet high. This hill was a field of "phormium," the valuable flax of the country. It is the "harakeke" of the Maories. No part of the plant is useless. Its flowers yield excellent honey; its stem affords a kind of gum which supplies the place of wax and starch; its leaf, more protean still, takes numberless forms of utility: freshly cut, it is used as paper; dried, as tinder; torn to shreds, it makes cord, cable, and nets; its fibre, when combed, is woven into coverlids and cloaks, mats and nether garments, and by the addition of red or black dye, becomes worthy of the Maori dandy.

This valuable plant is widely spread over both islands, on the sea-shore, as well as along the rivers and

around the lakes. In this district the wild plants covered great fields; its reddish brown aloe-like flowers, bloom everywhere, rising from the luxuriant trophy-shaped tuft of long pointed leaves.

In the waters of the lake, troops of ducks were dabbling; their plumage was blackish, speckled with grey and green; they are a species very easily domesticated.

About a quarter of a mile off, on a craggy spur of the mountain, stood a "pah" or Maori fortress. The prisoners, whose feet and hands were liberated, were landed one by one, and conducted into it by the warriors. The path which led up to the intrenchment, lay across fields of "phormium" and a grove of beautiful trees, the "kaikateas" with persistent leaves and red berries; "dracænas australis," the "ti-trees" of the natives, whose crown is a graceful counterpart of the cabbage-palm, and "huious," which are used to give a black dye to cloth. Large doves with metallic sheen on their plumage, and a world of starlings with reddish carmeles, flew away at the approach of the natives.

After a rather circuitous walk, Glenarvan and his party arrived at the pah.

The fortress was defended by an outer enclosure of strong palisades, fifteen feet high; a second line of stakes; then a fence composed of osiers, with loop-holes, enclosed the inner space, that is the plateau of the "pah," on which were erected the Maori buildings, and about forty huts arranged symmetrically.

When the captives approached they were horror-

struck at the sight of the heads which adorned the posts of the inner circle. Lady Helena and Mary Grant turned away their eyes more with disgust than with terror. These heads were those of hostile chiefs who had fallen in battle, and whose bodies had served to feed the conquerors. The geographer recognized that it was so, from their eye sockets being hollow and deprived of eye-balls.

The eyes of chiefs are always eaten; the head is prepared by being emptied of brain; the nose kept in shape by bits of stick, the nostrils stuffed with "phormium," the mouth and eyelids sewn up, and it is put into an oven and smoked for thirty hours. Thus cured, it keeps for any length of time without alteration or wrinkle, and forms a trophy for the conqueror.

Often the Maories preserve the heads of their own chiefs, but in that case the eye remains in the orbit and gazes at the spectator. The New Zealanders show these relics with pride; they hold them up to the admiration of the young braves, and perform religious rites in their honour.

But the "pah" of Kai-Koumou was adorned only with the heads of enemies, and undoubtedly more than one English head, with empty sockets, enriched the museum of the Maori chief.

The house of Kai-Koumou, stood at the inner part of the "pah" among several huts of minor importance, before a large open space which Europeans would have called "the battle field." This house was built of stakes closely interwoven with branches, and the interior

was hung with flax matting. The whole building was only twenty feet long, fifteen feet wide, ten feet high, enclosing a cubic space of three thousand feet, which suffices to lodge a New Zealand chief.

Only one opening gave access to the hut; a swing panel formed of a thick vegetable tissue served the purpose of a door. The roof overhung in the style of an impluvium. Some figures carved at the ends of the rafters ornamented the house, and on the "wharepuni," or portal, were sculptured foliage, symbolic figures, monsters, intertwined boughs, all in one inextricable tangle, the work of native decorators.

Inside the house, the floor of beaten earth was raised six inches above the soil. Hurdles made of bulrushes, and mattresses of dried fern covered with mats woven of the long flexile leaves of the "typha," did duty as beds. In the middle, a hollow stone formed the hearth, and another hole in the roof served as chimney. The smoke, when it was dense enough, concluded to take advantage of the outlet provided for it, but not till it had left a fine black varnish on the walls.

At one side of the house stood the storehouses, which contained the chief's provisions; his harvest of "phormium," potatoes, taro, edible fern, and the ovens where these dainties are cooked by contact with heated stones. Beyond these buildings, in small enclosures, pigs and goats were feeding, cherished descendants of the useful animals imported by Captain Cook. Dogs prowled up and down seeking their scanty food. They

were badly kept for animals in daily use among the Maories as food.

Glenarvan and his companions had taken in all this scene at a glance. They stood near an empty house, waiting the pleasure of the chief, and exposed to the abuse of a crowd of old crones. This troop of harpies surrounded them, shaking their fists, howling and vociferating. Some English words that escaped their coarse mouths left no doubt that they were clamouring for immediate vengeance.

In the midst of all these cries and threats, Lady Helena, tranquil to all outward seeming, affected an indifference she was far from feeling. This courageous woman, made heroic efforts to restrain herself, lest she should disturb Glenarvan's coolness. Poor Mary Grant felt her heart sink within her, and John Mangles stood by ready to die in her behalf. His companions bore the deluge of invectives each according to his disposition; the Major with utter indifference, Paganel with exasperation that increased every moment.

Glenarvan, to spare Lady Helena the attacks of these witches, walked straight up to Kai-Koumou, and pointing to the hideous group :—

"Send them away," said he.

The Maori chief stared fixedly at his prisoner without speaking; and then, with a nod, he silenced the noisy horde. Glenarvan bowed, as a sign of thanks, and went slowly back to his place.

At this moment a hundred Maories were assembled in the "pah," old men. full grown men, youths; the

former were calm, but gloomy, awaiting the orders of Kai-Koumou; the others gave themselves up to the most violent sorrow, bewailing their parents and friends who had fallen in the late engagements.

Kai-Koumou was the only one of all the chiefs that obeyed the call of William Thompson, who had returned to the lake district, and he was the first to announce to his tribe the defeat of the national insurrection, beaten on the plains of the lower Waikato. Of the two hundred warriors who, under his orders, hastened to the defence of the soil, one hundred and fifty were missing on his return. Allowing for a number being made prisoners by the invaders, how many must be lying on the field of battle, never to return to the country of their ancestors!

This was the secret of the outburst of grief with which the tribe saluted the arrival of Kai-Koumou. Up to that moment nothing had been known of the last defeat, and the fatal news fell on them like a thunder-clap.

Among the savages, sorrow is always manifested by physical signs; the parents and friends of deceased warriors, the women especially, lacerated their faces and shoulders with sharpened shells. The blood spurted out and blended with their tears. Deep wounds denoted great despair. The unhappy Maories, bleeding and excited, were hideous to look upon.

There was another serious element in their grief. Not only had they lost the relative or friend they mourned, but his bones would be missing in the family

mausoleum. In the Maori religion the possession of these relics is regarded as indispensable to the destinies of the future life; not the perishable flesh, but the bones, which are collected with the greatest care, cleaned, scraped, polished, even varnished, and then deposited in the "oudoupa," that is the "house of glory." These tombs are adorned with wooden statues, representing with perfect exactness the tattoo of the deceased. But now, their tombs would be left empty, the religious rites would be unsolemnized, and the bones that escaped the teeth of the wild dog, would whiten without burial on the field of battle.

Then the sorrowful chorus redoubled. The menaces of the women were intensified by the imprecations of the men against the Europeans. Abusive epithets were lavished, the accompanying gestures became more violent. The howl was about to end in brutal action.

Kai-Koumou, fearing that he might be overpowered by the fanatics of his tribe, conducted his prisoners to a sacred place, on an abruptly raised plateau at the other end of the pah. This hut rested against a mound elevated a hundred feet above it, which formed the steep outer buttress of the entrenchment. In this "Waréatoua," sacred house, the priests or arikis taught the Maories about a Triune God, father, son, and bird, or spirit. The large, well constructed hut contained the sacred and choice food which Maoui-Ranga-Rangui eats by the mouths of his priests.

In this place, and safe for the moment from the frenzied natives, the captives lay down on the flax mats,

Lady Helena was quite exhausted, her moral energies prostrate, and she fell helpless into her husband's arms.

Glenarvan pressed her to his bosom and said:—

"Courage, my dear Helena; Heaven will not forsake us!"

Robert was scarcely in when he jumped on Wilson's shoulders, and squeezed his head through a crevice left between the roof and the walls, from which chaplets of amulets were hung. From that elevation he could see the whole extent of the "pah" as far as Kai-Koumou's house.

"They are all crowding round the chief," said he softly. "They are throwing their arms about. . . They are howling. . . . . Kai-Koumou is trying to speak."

Then he was silent for a few minutes.

"Kai-Koumou is speaking. . . . . The savages are quieter. . . . . They are listening. . . . ."

"Evidently," said the Major, "this chief has a personal interest in protecting us. He wants to exchange his prisoners for some chiefs of his tribe! But will his warriors consent?"

"Yes! . . . They are listening. . . . . They have dispersed, some are gone into their huts. . . . The others have left the intrenchment."

"Are you sure?" said the Major.

"Yes, Mr. McNabbs," replied Robert, "Kai-Koumou is left alone with the warriors of his canoe. . . . Oh! one of them is coming up here. . . ."

"Come down, Robert," said Glenarvan.

At this moment, Lady Helena who had risen, seized her husband's arm.

"Edward," she said in a resolute tone, "neither Mary Grant nor I must fall into the hands of these savages alive!"

And so saying, she handed Glenarvan a loaded revolver.

"Fire-arm!" exclaimed Glenarvan with flashing eyes.

"Yes! the Maories do not search their prisoners. But, Edward, this is for us, not for them."

Glenarvan slipped the revolver under his coat; at the same moment the mat at the entrance was raised, and a native entered.

He motioned to the prisoners to follow him. Glenarvan and the rest walked across the "pah" and stopped before Kai-Koumou. He was surrounded by the principal warriors of his tribe, and among them the Maori whose canoe joined that of Kai-Koumou at the confluence of Pohainhenna, on the Waikato. He was a man about forty years of age, powerfully built, and of fierce and cruel aspect. His name was Kara-Tété, meaning "the irascible" in the native tongue. Kai-Koumou treated him with a certain tone of respect, and by the fineness of his tattoo it was easy to perceive that Kara-Tété held a lofty position in the tribe, but a keen observer would have guessed the feeling of rivalry that existed between these two chiefs. The Major observed that the influence of Kara-Tété gave umbrage to Kai-Koumou. They both ruled the Waikato tribes and

were equal in authority. During this interview Kai-Koumou smiled, but his eyes betrayed a deep-seated enmity.

Kai-Koumou interrogated Glenarvan.

"You are English?" said he.

"Yes," replied Glanarvan, unhesitatingly, as his nationality would facilitate the exchange.

"And your companions?" said Kai-Koumou.

"My companions are English like myself. We are shipwrecked travellers, but it may be important to state that we have taken no part in the war."

"That matters little!" was the brutal answer of Kara-Tété. "Every Englishman is an enemy. Your people invaded our island! They robbed our fields! they burnt our villages!"

"They were wrong!" said Glenarvan, quietly. "I say so, because I think it, not because I am in your power."

"Listen," said Kai-Koumou, "the Tohonga, the chief priest of Noui-Atoua* has fallen into the hands of your brethren; he is a prisoner among the Pakekas. Our deity has commanded us to ransom him. For my own part, I would rather have torn out your heart, I would have stuck your head, and those of your companions, on the posts of that palisade. But Noui-Atoua has spoken."

As he uttered these words, Kai-Koumou, who till now had been quite unmoved, trembled with rage, and his features expressed intense ferocity.

* The name of the New Zealand god.

Then after a few minutes' interval he proceeded more calmly.

"Do you think the English would exchange you for our Tohonga?"

Glenarvan hesitated, all the while watching the Maori chief.

"I do not know," said he, after a moment of silence.

"Speak," returned Kai-Koumou, "is your life worth that of our Tohonga?"

"No," replied Glenarvan. "I am neither a chief nor a priest among my own people!"

Paganel, petrified at this reply, looked at Glenarvan in amazement. Kai-Koumou appeared equally astonished.

"You doubt it then?" said he.

"I do not know," replied Glenarvan.

"Your people will not accept you as an exchange for Tohonga?"

"Me alone? no," repeated Glenarvan. "All of us perhaps they might."

"Our Maori custom," replied Kai-Koumou, "is head for head."

"Offer first these ladies in exchange for your priest," said Glenarvan, pointing to Lady Helena and Mary Grant.

Lady Helena was about to interrupt him. But the Major held her back.

"These two ladies," continued Glenarvan, bowing respectfully towards Lady Helena and Mary Grant, "are persons of rank in their own country."

The warrior gazed coldly at his prisoner. An evil smile relaxed his lips for a moment; then he controlled himself, and in a voice of ill-concealed anger—

"Do you hope to deceive Kai-Koumou with lying words, accursed Pakeka? Cannot the eyes of Kai-Koumou read hearts?"

And pointing to Lady Helena—

"That is your wife!" said he.

"No! mine!" exclaimed Kara-Tété.

And then pushing his prisoners aside, he laid his hand on the shoulder of Lady Helena, who turned pale at his touch.

"Edward!" cried the unfortunate woman in terror.

Glenarvan, without a word, raised his arm, a shot! and Kara-Tété fell at his feet.

The sound brought a crowd of natives to the spot. A hundred arms were ready, and Glenarvan's revolver was snatched from him.

Kai-Koumou glanced at Glenarvan with a curious expression; then with one hand protecting Glenarvan, with the other he waved off the crowd who were rushing on the party.

At last his voice was heard above the tumult.

"Taboo! Taboo!" he shouted.

At that word the crowd stood still before Glenarvan and his companions, who for the time were preserved by a supernatural influence.

A few minutes after, they were re-conducted to Waré-Atoua, which was their prison. But Robert Grant and Paganel were not with them.

CHAPTER XII.

THE OBSEQUIES OF A MAORI CHIEF.

KAI-KOUMOU, as frequently happens among the Maories, joined the title of ariki to that of tribal chief. He was invested with the dignity of priest, and, as such, he had power to throw over persons or things the superstitious protection of the "taboo."

The "taboo," which is common to all the Polynesian races, has the primary effect of isolating the "tabooed" person and preventing the use of "tabooed" things. According to the Maori doctrine, any one who laid sacrilegious hands on what had been declared "taboo," would be punished with death by the insulted deity, and even if the god delayed the vindication of his power, the priests took care to accelerate his vengeance.

By the chiefs, the "taboo" is made a political engine, except in some cases, for domestic reasons. For instance, a native is tabooed for several days when his hair is cut; when he is tattooed; when he is building a canoe, or a house; when he is seriously ill, and when he is dead. If excessive consumption threatens to exterminate the fish of a river or ruin the early crop

of sweet potatoes, these things are put under the protection of the taboo. If a chief wishes to clear his house of hangers-on, he taboos it; if an English trader displeases him he is tabooed. His interdict has the effect of the old royal "veto."

If an object is tabooed no one can touch it with impunity. When a native is under the interdict, certain aliments are denied him for a prescribed period. If he is relieved, as regards the severe diet, his slaves feed him with the viands he is forbidden to touch with his hands; if he is poor and has no slaves, he has to take up the food with his mouth like an animal.

In short, the most trifling acts of the Maories are directed and modified by this singular custom, the deity is brought into constant contact with their daily life. The taboo has the same weight as a law, or rather, the code of the Maories; indisputable and undisputed is comprised in the frequent applications of the taboo.

As to the prisoners confined in the Waré-Atoua, it was an arbitrary taboo which had saved them from the fury of the tribe. Some of the natives, friends and partisans of Kai-Koumou desisted at once on hearing their chief's voice, and protected the captives from the rest.

Glenarvan cherished no illusive hopes as to his own fate; nothing but his death could atone for the murder of a chief, and among these people death was only the concluding act of a martyrdom of torture. Glenarvan therefore was fully prepared to pay the penalty of the righteous indignation that nerved his arm, but he hoped

that the wrath of Kai-Koumou would not extend beyond himself.

What a night he and his companions passed! Who could picture their agonies or measure their sufferings. Robert and Paganel had not been restored to them; but their fate was no doubtful matter. They were too surely the first victims of the frenzied natives. Even McNabbs, who was always sanguine, had abandoned hope. John Mangles was nearly frantic at the sight of Mary Grant's despair at being separated from her brother. Glenarvan pondered over the terrible request of Lady Helena, who preferred dying by his hand, to submitting to torture or slavery. How was he to summon the terrible courage!

"And Mary? who has a right to strike her dead?" thought John, whose heart was broken.

Escape was clearly impossible. Ten warriors armed to the teeth kept watch at the door of Waré-Atoua.

The morning of Feburary 13th arrived. No communication had taken place between the natives and the "tabooed" prisoners. A limited supply of provisions was in the house, which the unhappy inmates scarcely touched. Misery deadened the pangs of hunger. The day passed without change and without hope; the funeral ceremonies of the dead chief would doubtless be the signal for their execution.

Although Glenarvan did not conceal from himself the probability that Kai-Koumou had given up all idea of exchange, the Major still cherished a spark of hope.

"Who knows," said he, as he reminded Glenarvan

of the effect produced on the chief by the death of Kara-Tété, "who knows but that Kai-Koumou, in his heart, is very much obliged to you?"

But even McNabbs' remarks failed to awaken hope in Glenarvan's mind. The next day passed without any appearance of preparation for their punishment; and this was the reason of the delay.

The Maories believe that for three days after death the soul inhabits the body, and therefore, for three times twenty-four hours, the corpse remains unburied. This custom was rigorously observed. Till February 15th the "pah" was deserted.

John Mangles, hoisted on Wilson's shoulders, frequently reconnoitred the outer defences. Not a single native was visible; only the watchful sentinels relieving guard at the door of the Waré-Atoua.

But on the third day the huts opened; all the savages, men, women, and children, in all several hundred Maories, assembled in the "pah," silent and calm.

Kai-Koumou came out of his house, and surrounded by the principal chiefs of his tribe, he took his stand on a mound some feet above the level, in the centre of the enclosure. The crowd of natives formed in a half circle some distance off, in dead silence.

At a sign from Kai-Koumou, a warrior bent his steps towards Waré-Atoua.

"Remember," said Lady Helena to her husband. Glenarvan pressed her to his heart, and Mary Grant went closer to John Mangles, and said hurriedly:—

"Lord and Lady Glenarvan cannot but think if a

wife may claim death at her husband's hands to escape a shameful life, a betrothed wife may claim death at the hands of her betrothed husband, to escape the same fate. John! at this last moment I ask you, have we not long been betrothed to each other in our secret hearts? May I rely on you, as Lady Helena relies on Lord Glenarvan?"

"Mary!" cried the young captain in his despair! "Ah! dear Mary. . . . ."

The mat was lifted, and the captives led to Kai-Koumou; the two women were resigned to their fate; the men dissembled their sufferings with superhuman effort.

They arrived in presence of the Maori chief, who pronounced sentence without delay.

"You killed Kara-Tété," said he to Glenarvan.

"I did," answered Glenarvan.

"You die to-morrow at sunrise."

"Alone?" asked Glenarvan, with a beating heart.

"Oh! if our Tohonga's life was not more precious than yours!" exclaimed Kai-Koumou, with a ferocious expression of regret!

At that moment there was a commotion among the natives. Glenarvan looked quickly round; the crowd made a way, and a warrior appeared heated by running, and sinking with fatigue.

Kai-Koumou, as soon as he saw him, said in English, evidently for the benefit of the captives.

"You come from the camp of the Pakekas?

"Yes," answered the Maori.

"You have seen the prisoner, our Tohonga?"

"I have seen him."

"Alive?"

"Dead! The English have shot him."

It was all over with Glenarvan and his companions.

"All!" cried Kai-Koumou; "you all die to-morrow at daybreak."

Punishment fell on all indiscriminately. Lady Helena and Mary Grant were grateful to Heaven for the boon.

The captives were not taken back to Waré-Atoua. They were destined to attend the obsequies of the chief and the bloody rites that accompanied them. A guard of natives conducted them to the foot of an immense kauri, and then stood on guard without taking their eyes off the prisoners.

The three prescribed days had elapsed since the death of Kara-Tété, and the soul of the dead warrior had finally departed; so the ceremonies commenced.

The body was laid on a small mound in the central enclosure. It was clothed in a rich dress, and wrapped in a magnificent flax mat. His head, adorned with feathers, encircled with a crown of green leaves. His face, arms, and chest had been rubbed with oil, and did not show any sign of decay.

The parents and friends arrived at the foot of the mound, and at a certain moment, as if the leader of an orchestra were leading a funeral chant, there arose a great wail of tears, sighs, and sobs. They lamented the deceased with a plaintive rhythm and doleful cadence.

The kinsmen beat their heads; the kinswomen tore their faces with their nails and lavished more blood than tears. But these demonstrations were not sufficient to propitiate the soul of the deceased, whose wrath might strike the survivors of his tribe; and his warriors, as they could not recall him to life, were anxious that he should have nothing to wish for in the other world. The wife of Kara-Tété was not to be parted from him; indeed, she would have refused to survive him. It was a custom, as well as a duty, and Maori history has no lack of such sacrifices.

This woman came on the scene; she was still young. Her dishevelled hair flowed over her shoulders. Her sobs and cries filled the air. Incoherent words, regrets, broken phrases in which she extolled the virtues of the dead, alternated with her moans, and in a crowning paroxysm of sorrow, she threw herself at the foot of the mound and beat her head on the earth.

The Kai-Koumou drew near; suddenly the wretched victim rose; but a violent blow from a "méré," a kind of club brandished by the chief, struck her to the ground; she fell senseless.

Horrible yells followed; a hundred arms threatened the terror-stricken captives. But no one moved, for the funeral ceremonies were not yet over.

The wife of Kara-Tété had joined her husband. The two bodies lay stretched side by side. But in the future life, even the presence of his faithful companion was not enough. Who would attend on them in the

realm of Noui-Atoua, if their slaves did not follow them into the other world.

Six unfortunate fellows were brought to the mound. They were attendants whom the pitiless usages of war had reduced to slavery. During the chief's lifetime they had borne the severest privations, and been subjected to all kinds of ill-usage; they had been scantily fed, and incessantly occupied like beasts of burden, and now, according to Maori ideas, they were to resume to all eternity this life of bondage.

These poor creatures appeared quite resigned to their destiny. They were not taken by surprise. Their unbound hands showed that they met their fate without resistance.

Their death was speedy and not aggravated by tedious suffering; torture was reserved for the authors of the murder, who, only twenty paces off, averted their eyes from the horrible scene which was to grow yet more horrible.

Six blows of the méré, delivered by the hand of six powerful warriors, felled the victims in the midst of a sea of blood.

This was the signal for a fearful scene of cannibalism. The bodies of slaves are not protected by taboo like those of their masters. They belong to the tribe: they were a sort of small change thrown among the mourners, and the moment the sacrifice was over, the whole crowd, chiefs, warriors, old men, women, children, without distinction of age or sex, fell upon the senseless remains with brutal appetite. Faster than a rapid

pen could describe it, the bodies, still reeking, were dismembered, divided, cut up, not into morsels, but into crumbs. Of the two hundred Maories present, every one obtained a share. They fought, they struggled, they quarrelled over the smallest fragment. The drops of hot blood splashed over these festive monsters, and the whole of this detestable crew grovelled under a rain of blood. It was like the delirious fury of tigers fighting over their prey, or like a circus where the wild beasts devour the deer. This scene ended, a score of fires were lit at various points of the "pah"; the smell of charred flesh polluted the air; and but for the fearful tumult of the festival, but for the cries that emanated from these flesh-sated throats, the captives might have heard the bones crunching under the teeth of the cannibals.

Glenarvan and his companions, breathless with horror, tried to conceal this fearful scene from the eyes of the two poor ladies. They understood then what fate awaited them next day at dawn, and also with what cruel torture this death would be preceded. They were dumb with horror.

The funeral dances commenced. Strong liquors distilled from the "piper excelsum" animated the intoxication of the natives. They had nothing human left. It seemed possible that the "taboo" might be forgotten, and they might rush upon the prisoners who were already terrified at their delirious gestures.

But Kai-Koumou had kept his own senses amidst the general delirium. He allowed an hour for this orgie

of blood to attain its maximum and then cease, and the final scene of the obsequies was performed with the accustomed ceremonial.

The corpses of Kara-Tété and his wife were raised, the limbs bent, and laid against the stomach according to the Maori usage; then came the funeral, not the final interment, but a burial until the moment when the earth had destroyed the flesh and nothing remained but the skeleton.

The place of "oudoupa," or the tomb, had been chosen outside the fortress, about two miles off, at the top of a low hill called Maunganamu, situated on the right bank of the lake, and to this spot the body was to be taken. Two palanquins of a very primitive kind, hand-barrows, in fact, were brought to the foot of the mound, and the corpses doubled up so that they were sitting rather than lying, and their garments kept in place by a band of lianes, were placed on them. Four warriors took up the litters on their shoulders, and the whole tribe, repeating their funeral chant, followed in procession to the place of sepulture.

The captives, still strictly guarded, saw the funeral cortège leave the inner enclosure of the "pah"; then the chants and cries grew fainter. For about half an hour the funeral procession remained out of sight, in the hollow valley, and then came in sight again winding up the mountain side; the distance gave a fantastic effect to the undulating movement of this long serpentine column.

The tribe stopped at an elevation of about 800 feet,

on the summit of Maunganamu, where the burial place of Kara-Tété had been prepared. An ordinary Maori would have had nothing but a hole and a heap of earth. But a powerful and formidable chief destined to speedy deification, was honoured with a tomb worthy of his exploits.

The "oudoupa" had been fenced round, and posts, surmounted with faces painted in red ochre, stood near the grave where the bodies were to lie. The relatives had not forgotten that the "Waidoua," the spirit of the dead, lives on mortal food, as the body did in this life. Therefore food was deposited in the enclosure as well as the arms and clothing of the deceased. Nothing was omitted for comfort. The husband and wife were laid side by side, then covered with earth and grass, after another series of laments.

Then the procession wound slowly down the mountain, and henceforth none dare ascend the slop. of Maunganamu on pain of death, for it was "taboced," like Tongariro, where lie the ashes of a chief killed by an earthquake in 1846.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LAST HOURS.

JUST as the sun was sinking beyond Lake Taupo, behind the peaks of Tuhahua and Puketapu, the captives were conducted back to their prison. They were not to leave it again till the tops of the Wahiti Ranges were lit with the first fires of day.

They had one night in which to prepare for death. Overcome as they were with horror and fatigue, they took their last meal together.

"We shall need all our strength," Glenarvan had said, "to look death in the face. We must show these savages how Europeans can die."

The meal ended, Lady Helena repeated the evening prayer aloud, her companions, bare-headed, repeated it after her. Who does not turn his thoughts towards God in the hour of death? This done, the prisoners embraced each other. Mary Grant and Helena, in a corner of the hut, lay down on a mat. Sleep, which keeps all sorrow in abeyance, soon weighed down their eyelids; they slept in each other's arms, overcome by exhaustion and prolonged watching.

Then Glenarvan taking his friends aside said :—

"My dear friends, our lives and the lives of these poor women are in God's hands. If it is decreed that we die to-morrow, let us die bravely, like Christian men, ready to appear without terror, before the Supreme Judge. God, who reads our hearts, knows that we had a noble end in view. If death awaits us instead of success, it is by His will. Stern as the decree may seem, I will not repine. But death here, means not death only, it means torture, insult, perhaps, and here are two ladies . . . . ."

Glenarvan's voice, firm till now, faltered. He was silent a moment, and having overcome his emotion, he said, addressing the young captain,

"John, you have promised Mary what I promised Lady Helena. What is your plan ?"

"I believe," said John, "that in the sight of God I have a right to fulfil that promise."

"Yes, John ; but we are unarmed."

"No !" replied John, showing him a dagger. "I snatched it from Kara-Tété when he fell at your feet. My Lord, whichever of us survives the other will fulfil the wish of Lady Helena and Mary Grant."

After these words were said, a profound silence ensued. At last the Major said :—

"My friends, keep that to the last moment. I am not an advocate of irremediable measures."

"I did not speak for ourselves," said Glenarvan. "Be it as it may, we can face death ! Had we been alone, I should ere now have cried, 'My friends, let us

make an effort. Let us attack these wretches!' But with these poor girls. . . . ."

At this moment, John raised the mat, and counted twenty-five natives keeping guard on the Waré-Atoua. A great fire had been lighted and its lurid glow threw into strong relief the irregular outlines of the "pah." Some of the savages were sitting round the brazier; the others standing motionless, their black outlines relieved against the clear background of flame. But they all kept watchful guard on the hut confided to their care.

It has been said that between a vigilant gaoler and a prisoner who wishes to escape, the chances are in favour of the prisoner; the fact is, the interest of the one is keener than that of the other. The gaoler may forget that he is on guard, the prisoner never forgets that he is guarded. The captive thinks oftener of escaping than the gaoler of preventing his flight, and hence we hear of frequent and wonderful escapes.

But in the present instance, hatred and revenge were the gaolers, not an indifferent warder; the prisoners were not bound, but it was because bonds were useless, when five-and-twenty men were watching the only egress from the Waré-Atoua.

This house, with its back to the rock which closed the fortress, was only accessible by a long, narrow promontory which joined it in front to the plateau on which the "pah" was erected. On its two other sides rose pointed rocks, which jutted out over an abyss a hundred feet deep. On that side descent was impos-

sible, and had it been possible, the bottom was shut in by the enormous rock. The only outlet was the regular door of the Waré-Atoua, and the Maories guarded the promontory which united it to the "pah" like a drawbridge. All escape was thus hopeless, and Glenarvan having tried the walls for the twentieth time was compelled to acknowledge that it was so.

The hours of this night, wretched as they were, slipped away. Thick darkness had settled on the mountain. Neither moon nor stars pierced the gloom. Some gusts of wind whistled by the sides of the "pah," and the posts of the house creaked; the fire outside revived with the puffs of wind, and the flames sent fitful gleams into the interior of Waré-Atoua. The group of prisoners was lit up for a moment; they were absorbed in their last thoughts, and a deathlike silence reigned in the hut.

It might have been about four o'clock in the morning when the Major's attention was called to a slight noise which seemed to come from the foundation of the posts in the wall of the hut which abutted on the rock. McNabbs was at first indifferent, but finding the noise continue, he listened; then his curiosity was aroused, and he put his ear to the ground; it sounded as if some one was scraping or hollowing out the ground outside.

As soon as he was sure of it, he crept over to Glenarvan and John Mangles, and startling them from their melancholy thoughts, led them to the end of the hut.

"Listen," said he, motioning them to stoop.

The scratching became more and more audible; they could hear the little stones grate on a hard body and roll away.

"Some animal in his burrow," said John Mangles.

Glenarvan struck his forehead.

"Who knows," said he, "it might be a man?"

"Animal or man," answered the Major, "I will soon find out!"

Wilson and Olbinett joined their companions, and all united to dig through the wall—John with his dagger, the others with stones taken from the ground, or with their nails, while Mulrady stretched along the ground watched the native guard through a crevice of the matting.

These savages sitting motionless around the fire suspected nothing of what was going on twenty feet off.

The soil was light and friable, and below lay a bed of silicious tufa, therefore, even without tools, the aperture deepened quickly. It soon became evident that a man, or men, clinging to the sides of the "pah," were cutting a passage into its exterior wall. What could be the object? Did they know of the existence of the prisoners, or was it some private enterprise that led to the undertaking?

The prisoners redoubled their efforts. Their fingers bled, but still they worked on, after half an hour they had gone three feet deep; they perceived by the increased sharpness of the sounds that only a thin layer of earth prevented immediate communication.

Some minutes more passed, and the Major with-

drew his hand from the stroke of a sharp blade. He suppressed a cry.

John Mangles inserting the blade of his poniard, avoided the knife which now protruded above the soil, but seized the hand that wielded it.

It was the hand of a woman or child, a European! On neither side had a word been uttered. It was evidently the cue of both sides to be silent.

"Is it Robert?" whispered Glenarvan.

But, softly as the name was breathed, Mary Grant already awakened by the sounds in the hut, slipped over towards Glenarvan, and seizing the hand, all stained with earth, she covered it with kisses.

"My darling Robert," said she, never doubting, "it is you! it is you!"

"Yes, little sister," said he, "it is I. I am here to save you all; but be very silent."

"Brave lad!" repeated Glenarvan.

"Watch the savages outside," said Robert.

Mulrady whose attention was distracted for a moment by the appearance of the boy, resumed his post.

"It is all right," said he. "There are only four awake; the rest are asleep."

A minute after, the hole was enlarged and Robert passed from the arms of his sister to those of Lady Helena. Round his body was rolled a long coil of flax rope.

"My child, my child," murmured Lady Helena, "the savages did not kill you!"

"No Madame," said he; "I do not know how it happened, but in the scuffle I got away; I jumped the barrier; for two days I hid in the bushes, to try and see you; while the tribe were busy with the chief's funeral. I came and reconnoitred this side of the pah, and I saw that I could get to you. I stole this knife and rope out of a deserted hut. The tufts of bush and the branches made me a ladder, and I found a kind of grotto already hollowed out in the rock under this hut; I only had to bore some feet in soft earth, and here I am."

Twenty noiseless kisses were his reward.

"Let us be off!" said he, in a decided tone.

"Is Paganel below?" asked Glenarvan.

"Monsieur Paganel?" replied the boy, amazed at the question.

"Yes, is he waiting for us?"

"No, my Lord; but is he not here?" inquired Robert.

"No, Robert!" answered Mary Grant.

"What! have you not seen him?" asked Glenarvan. "Did you lose each other in the confusion? Did you not get away together?"

"No, my Lord!" said Robert, taken aback by the disappearance of his friend Paganel.

"Well, lose no more time," said the Major. "Wherever Paganel is, he cannot be in worse plight than ourselves. Let us go."

Truly, the moments were precious. They had to fly. The escape was not very difficult, except the

twenty feet of perpendicular fall outside the grotto. After that the slope was practicable to the foot of the mountain. From this point the prisoners could soon gain the lower valleys; while the Maories, if they perceived the flight of their prisoners, would have to make a long round to catch them, being unaware of the gallery between the Waré-Atoua and the outer rock.

The escape was commenced, and every precaution was taken. The captives passed one by one through the narrow passage into the grotto. John Mangles before leaving the hut disposed of all the evidences of their work, and in his turn slipped through the opening and let down over it the mats of the house, so that the entrance to the gallery was quite concealed.

The next thing was to descend the vertical wall to the slope below, and this would have been impracticable, but that Robert had brought the flax rope, which was now unrolled and fixed to a projecting point of rock, the end hanging over.

John Mangles, before his friends trusted themselves to this flax rope, tried it; he did not think it very strong; and it was of importance not to risk themselves imprudently, as a fall would be fatal.

"This rope," said he, "will only bear the weight of two persons; therefore let us go in rotation, Lord and Lady Glenarvan first; when they arrive at the bottom, three pulls at the rope will be a signal to us to follow."

"I will go first," said Robert. "I discovered a deep hollow at the foot of the slope where those who come down can conceal themselves and wait for the rest."

"Go, my boy," said Glenarvan, pressing Robert's hand.

Robert disappeared through the opening out of the grotto. A minute after, the three pulls at the cord informed them that the boy had alighted safely.

Glenarvan and Lady Helena immediately ventured out of the grotto. The darkness was still very great, though some greyish streaks were already visible on the eastern summits.

The biting cold of the morning revived the poor young lady. She felt stronger and commenced her perilous descent.

Glenarvan first, then Lady Helena let themselves down along the rope, till they came to the spot where the perpendicular wall met the top of the slope. Then Glenarvan going first and supporting his wife, began to descend backwards.

He felt for the tufts of grass and shrubs able to afford a foothold; tried them, and then placed Lady Helena's foot on them. Some birds, suddenly awakened flew away, uttering feeble cries, and the fugitives trembled when a stone loosened from its bed rolled to the foot of the mountain.

They had reached half-way down the slope, when a voice was heard from the opening of the grotto.

"Stop!" whispered John Mangles.

Glenarvan, holding with one hand to a tuft of tetragonia, with the other holding his wife, waited with breathless anxiety.

Wilson had had an alarm. Having heard some

unusual noise outside the Waré-Atoua, he went back into the hut and watched the Maories from behind the mat. At a sign from him, John stopped Glenarvan.

One of the warriors on guard, startled by an unusual sound, rose and drew nearer to the Waré-Atoua. He stood still about two paces from the hut and listened with his head bent forward. He remained in that attitude for a minute that seemed an hour, his ear intent, his eye peering into the darkness. Then shaking his head like one who sees he is mistaken, he went back to his companions, took an armful of dead wood, and threw it into the smouldering fire, which immediately revived. His face was lighted up by the flame, and was free from any look of doubt, and after having glanced to where the first light of dawn whitened the eastern sky, stretched himself near the fire to warm his stiffened limbs.

"All's well!" whispered Wilson.

John signalled to Glenarvan to resume his descent.

Glenarvan let himself gently down the slope; soon Lady Helena and he landed on the narrow track where Robert waited for them.

The rope was shaken three times, and in his turn, John Mangles, preceding Mary Grant, followed in the dangerous route.

He arrived safely; he rejoined Lord and Lady Glenarvan in the hollow mentioned by Robert.

Five minutes after, all the fugitives had safely escaped from the Waré-Atoua, left their retreat, and keeping away from the inhabited shores of the lakes,

they plunged by narrow paths into the recesses of the mountains.

They walked quickly, trying to avoid the points where they might be seen from the pah. They were quite silent, and glided among the bushes like shadows. Whither? Where chance led them, but at any rate they were free.

Towards five o'clock, the day began to dawn, bluish clouds marbled the upper stratum of clouds. The misty summits began to pierce the morning mists. The orb of day was soon to appear, and instead of giving the signal for their execution, would, on the contrary, announce their flight.

It was of vital importance that before the decisive moment arrived, they should put themselves beyond the reach of the savages, so as to put them off their track. But their progress was slow, for the paths were steep. Lady Glenarvan climbed the slopes supported, not to say carried, by Glenarvan, and Mary Grant leaned on the arm of John Mangles; Robert, radiant with joy, triumphant at his success, led the march, and the two sailors brought up the rear.

Another half an hour and the glorious sun would rise out of the mists of the horizon. For half an hour the fugitives walked on as chance led them Paganel was not there to take the lead. He was now the object of their anxiety, and whose absence was a black shadow between them and their happiness. But they bore steadily eastward, as much as possible, and faced the gorgeous morning light. Soon they had reached a height of 500

feet above Lake Taupo, and the cold of the morning, increased by the altitude, was very keen. Dim outlines of hills and mountains rose behind one another; but Glenarvan only thought how best to get lost among them; time enough by and by to see about escaping from the labyrinth.

At last the sun appeared and sent his first rays on their path.

Suddenly a terrific yell, from a hundred throats rent the air. It came from the pah, whose directon Glenarvan did not know. Besides, a thick veil of fog spread at his feet prevented any distinct view of the valleys below.

But the fugitives could not doubt that their escape had been discovered, and now the question was, would they be able to elude pursuit? Had they been seen? Would not their track betray them?

At this moment, the fog in the valley lifted, and enveloped them for a moment in a damp mist, and at three hundred feet below they perceived the swarming mass of frantic natives.

While they looked, they were seen. Renewed howls broke forth, mingled with the barking of dogs, and the whole tribe after vainly trying to scale the rock of Waré-Atoua, rushed out of the pah, and hastened by the shortest paths in pursuit of the prisoners who were flying from their vengeance.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE TABOOED MOUNTAIN.

THE summit of the mountain was still a hundred feet above them. The fugitives were anxious to reach it that they might continue their flight on the eastern slope out of the view of their pursuers. They hoped then to find some practicable ridge that would allow of a passage to the neighbouring peaks that were thrown together in an orographic maze to which poor Paganel's genius would doubtless have found the clue.

They hastened up the slope spurred on by the loud cries that drew nearer and nearer. The avenging crowd had already reached the foot of the mountain.

"Courage! my friends," cried Glenarvan, urging his companions by voice and look.

In less than five minutes they were at the top of the mountain; and then they turned to judge of their position, and decide on a route that would baffle their pursuers.

From their elevated position they could see over Lake Taupo, which stretched towards the west, in its setting of picturesque mountains. On the north, the

peaks of Pirongia; on the south, the burning crater of Tongariro. But eastward, nothing but the rocky barrier of peaks and ridges that form the Wahiti Ranges, the great chain whose unbroken links stretch from the East Cape to Cook's Straits. They had no alternative but to descend the opposite slope and enter the narrow gorges, uncertain whether any outlet existed.

Glenarvan could not prolong the halt for a moment. Wearied as they might be, they must fly or be discovered.

"Let us go down!" cried he, "before our passage is cut off."

But just as the ladies had risen with a despairing effort, McNabbs stopped them and said:—

"Glenarvan! it is useless. Look."

And then they all perceived the inexplicable change that had taken place in the movements of the Maories.

Their pursuit had suddenly stopped. The ascent of the mountain had ceased by an imperious command. The natives had paused in their career, and surged like the sea waves against an opposing rock. All the crowd, thirsting for blood, stood at the foot of the mountain, yelling, and gesticulating, brandishing guns and hatchets, but not advancing a foot. Their dogs, rooted to the spot, like themselves, barked with rage.

What stayed them? What occult power controlled these savages? The fugitives looked without understanding, fearing lest the charm that enchained Kai-Koumou's tribe should be broken.

Suddenly John Mangles uttered an exclamation

which attracted the attention of his companions. He pointed to a little enclosure on the summit of the cone.

"The tomb of Kara-Téte," said Robert.

"Are you sure, Robert?" said Glenarvan.

"Yes, my Lord, it is the tomb! I recognize it..."

Robert was right; fifty feet above, at the extreme peak of the mountain, freshly painted posts formed a small palisaded enclosure, and Glenarvan, too, was convinced that it was the chief's burial place. The chances of their flight had led them to the crest of Maunga namu.

Glenarvan, followed by the rest, climbed to the foot of the tomb. A large opening, covered with mats, led into it. Glenarvan was about to invade the sanctity of the "Oudoupa" when he reeled backwards.

"A savage!" said he,

"In the tomb!" inquired the Major.

"Yes, McNabbs."

"No matter; go in."

Glenarvan, the Major, Robert, and John Mangles entered. There sat a Maori, wrapped in a large flax mat; the darkness of the "Oudoupa" prevented them from distinguishing his features. He was very quiet, and was eating his breakfast quite coolly.

Glenarvan was about to speak to him, when the native forestalled him by saying gaily, and in good English:—

"Sit down, my Lord, breakfast is ready."

It was Paganel. At the sound of his voice, they all rushed into the "Oudoupa," and he was cordially

embraced all round. Paganel was found again. He was their salvation! They wanted to question him; to know how and why he was here on the summit of Maunganamu; but Glenarvan stopped this misplaced curiosity.

"The savages!" said he.

"The savages," said Paganel, shrugging his shoulders. "I have a contempt for those people! Come and look at them!"

They all followed Paganel out of the "Oudoupa." The Maories were still in the same position round the base of the mountain uttering fearful cries.

"Shout! yell! till your lungs are gone, stupid wretches!" said Paganel. "I dare you to come here!"

"But why?" said Glenarvan.

"Because the chief is buried here, and the tomb protects us, because the mountain is tabooed."

"Tabooed?"

"Yes, my friends! and that is why I took refuge here, as the malefactors used to flee to the sanctuaries in the middle ages."

"God be praised!" said Lady Helena, lifting her hands to heaven.

The fugitives were not yet out of danger, but they had a moment's respite, which was very welcome in their exhausted state.

Glenarvan was too much overcome to speak, and the Major nodded his head with an air of perfect content.

"And now, my friends," said Paganel, if these brutes think to exercise their patience on us, they are mistaken. In two days we shall be out of their reach."

"By flight!" said Glenarvan. "But how?"

"That I do not know," answered Paganel, "but we shall manage it."

And now everybody wanted to know about their friend's adventures. They were puzzled by the reserve of a man generally so talkative; on this occasion they had to drag the words out of his mouth; usually he was a ready story-teller, now he gave only evasive answers to the questions of the rest.

"Paganel is another man!" thought McNabbs.

His face was really altered. He wrapped himself closely in his great flax mat and seemed to deprecate observation. Every one noticed his embarrassment when he was the subject of conversation, though nobody appeared to remark it; when other topics were under discussion, Paganel resumed his usual gaiety.

Of his adventures, all that could be extracted from him at this time was as follows:—

After the murder of Kara-Tété, Paganel took advantage, like Robert, of the commotion among the natives, and got out of the enclosure. But less fortunate than young Grant, he walked straight into a Maori camp, where he met a tall, intelligent-looking chief, evidently of higher rank than all the warriors of his tribe. This chief spoke excellent English, and saluted the new comer by rubbing the end of his nose against the end of the geographer's nose.

Paganel wondered whether he was to consider himself a prisoner or not. But perceiving that he could not stir without the polite escort of the chief, he soon made up his mind on that point.

This chief, Hihi, or Sunbeam, was not a bad fellow. Paganel's spectacles and telescope seemed to give him a great idea of Paganel's importance, and he manifested great attachment to him, not only by kindness, but by a strong flax rope, especially at night.

This lasted for three days; to the inquiry whether he was well treated, he said "Yes and no!" without further answer; he was a prisoner, and except that he expected immediate execution, his state seemed to him no better than that in which he had left his unfortunate friends.

One night, however, he managed to break his rope and escape. He had seen from afar the burial of the chief, and knew that he was buried on the top of Maunganamu, and he was well acquainted with the fact that the mountain would be therefore tabooed. He resolved to take refuge there, being unwilling to leave the region where his companions were in durance. He succeeded in his dangerous attempt, and had arrived the previous night at the tomb of Kara-Tété, and there proposed to recruit his strength while he waited in the hope that his friends might, by Divine mercy, find the means of escape.

Such was Paganel's story. Did he designedly conceal some incident of his captivity? More than once

his embarrassment led them to that conclusion. But however that might be, he was heartily congratulated on all sides. And then the present emergency came on for serious discussion. The natives dare not climb Maunganamu, but they, of course, calculated that hunger and thirst would restore them their prey. It was only a question of time, and patience is one of the virtues of all savages. Glenarvan was fully alive to the difficulty, but made up his mind to watch for an opportunity, or make one. First of all he made a thorough survey of Maunganamu, their present fortress; not for the purpose of defence, but of escape. The Major, John, Robert, Paganel and himself made an exact map of the mountain. They noted the direction, outlet, and inclination of the paths. The ridge, a mile in length, which united Maunganamu to the Wahiti chain had a downward inclination. Its slope, narrow and jagged though it was, appeared the only practicable route, if they made good their escape at all. If they could do this without observation, under cover of the night, they might possibly reach the deep valleys of the Range and put the Maories off the scent.

But there were dangers in this route; the last part of it was within pistol shot of natives posted on the lower slopes. Already when they ventured on the exposed part of the crest, they were saluted with a hail of shot which did not reach them. Some gun wads, carried by the wind, fell beside them; they were made of printed paper, which Paganel picked up out of curiosity, and with some trouble deciphered.

"That is a good idea! My friends, do you know what those creatures use for wads?"

"No, Paganel!" said Glenarvan.

"Pages of the Bible! If that is the use they make of the Holy Book, I pity the missionaries! It will be rather difficult to establish a Maori library."

"And what text of scripture did they aim at us?"

"A message from God himself," exclaimed John Mangles, who was in the act of reading the scorched frament of paper. "It bids us hope in Him," added the young captain, firm in the faith of his Scotch convictions.

"Read it, John!" said Glenarvan,

And John read what the powder had left visible; "I will deliver him, for he hath trusted in me."

"My friends," said Glenarvan, "we must carry these words of hope to our dear, brave ladies. The sound will bring comfort to their hearts."

Glenarvan and his companions hastened up the steep path to the cone, and went towards the tomb. As they climbed they were astonished to perceive every few moments a kind of vibration in the soil. It was not a movement like earthquake, but that peculiar tremor that affects the metal of a boiler under high pressure. It was clear the mountain was the outer covering of a body of vapour, the product of subterranean fires.

This phenomenon of course excited no surprise in those who had just travelled among the hot springs of the Waikato. They knew that the central region of

Ika-na-Mani is essentially volcanic. It is a sieve, whose interstices furnish a passage for the earth's vapours in the shape of boiling geysers and solfataras.

Paganel who had already noticed this, called the attention of his friends to the volcanic nature of the mountain. The peak of Maunganamu was only one of the many cones which bristle on this part of the island. It was a volcano of the future. A slight mechanical change would produce a crater of eruption in these slopes, which consisted merely of whitish silicious tufa.

"That may be so," said Glenarvan, "but we are in no more danger here than standing by the boiler of the *Duncan;* this solid crust is like sheet iron."

"I agree with you," added the Major, "but however good a boiler may be, it bursts at last after too long service."

"McNabbs," said Paganel, "I have no fancy for staying on the cone. When Providence points out a way, I will go at once."

"I wish," remarked John, "that Maunganamu could carry us himself, with all the motive power that he has inside. It is too bad that millions of horse power should lie under our feet unavailable for our needs. Our *Duncan* would carry us to the end of the world with the thousandth part of it."

The recollections of the *Duncan* evoked by John Mangles, towards Glenarvan's thoughts into their saddest channel; for desperate as his own case was, he often forgot it, in vain regret at the fate of his crew.

His mind still dwelt on it, when he reached the summit of Maunganamu, and met his companions in misfortune.

Lady Helena, when she saw Glenarvan, came forward to meet him.

"Dear Edward," said she, "you have made up your mind? Are we to hope or fear?"

"Hope, my dear Helena," replied Glenarvan. "The natives will never set foot on the mountain, and we shall have time to devise a plan of escape."

"More than that, Madam, God himself has encouraged us to hope."

And so saying, John Mangles handed to Lady Helena the fragment of paper on which was legible the sacred words; and these young women, whose trusting hearts were always open to observe Providential interpositions, read in these words an indisputable sign of salvation.

"And now let us go to the 'Oudoupa!'" cried Paganel, in his gayest mood. "It is our castle, our dining-room, our study! None can meddle with us there! Ladies! allow me to do the honours of this charming abode."

They followed Paganel, and when the savages saw them profaning anew the tabooed burial-place, they renewed their fire and their fearful yells, the one as loud as the other. But fortunately the balls fell short of our friends, though the cries reached them.

Lady Helena, Mary Grant, and their companions were quite relieved to find that the Maories were more

dominated by superstition than by anger, entered the monument.

It was a palisade made of red-painted posts. Symbolic figures, tatooted on the wood, set forth the rank and achievements of the deceased. Strings of amulets, made of shells or cut stones, hung from one part to another. In the interior, the ground was carpeted with green leaves, and in the middle, a slight mound betokened the place of the newly-made grave. There lay the chief's weapons, his guns loaded and capped, his spear, his splendid axe of green jade, with a supply of powder and ball for the happy hunting grounds.

"Quite an arsenal!" said Paganel, "of which we shall make a better use. What ideas they have! Fancy carrying arms into the other world!"

"Well!" said the Major, "but these are English fire-arms."

"No doubt," replied Glenarvan, "and it is a very unwise practice to give fire-arms to savages! They turn them against the invaders, naturally enough. But at any rate, they will be very valuable to us."

"Yes," said Paganel, "but what is more useful still is the food and water provided for Kara-Tété."

Things had been handsomely done for the deceased chief; the amount of provisions denoted their esteem for the departed. There was food enough to sustain ten persons for fifteen days, or the dead man for ever.

The vegetable aliments consisted of edible ferns, sweet potatoes, the "convolvulus batatas," which was indigenous, and the potato which had been imported

long before by the Europeans. Large jars contained pure water, and a dozen baskets artistically plaited contained tablets of an unknown green gum.

The fugitives were therefore provided for some days against hunger and thirst, and they needed no persuasion to begin their attack on the deceased chief's stores. Glenarvan brought out the necessary quantity and put them into Olbinett's hands. The steward, who never could forget his routine ideas, even in the most exceptional circumstances, thought the meal a slender one. He did not know how to prepare the roots, and, besides, had no fire.

But Paganel soon solved that difficulty by recommending him to bury his fern roots and sweet potatoes in the soil. The temperature of the surface stratum was very high, and a thermometer plunged into the soil would have marked from 160° to 170°; in fact, Olbinett narrowly missed being scalded, for just as he had scooped a hole for the roots, a jet of vapour sprang up and with a whistling sound rose six feet above the ground.

The steward fell back in terror.

"Shut off steam!" cried the Major, running to close the hole with loose drift, while Paganel pondering on the singular phenomenon muttered to himself:—

"Let me see! ha! ha! Why not?"

"Are you hurt?" inquired McNabbs of Olbinett.

"No, Major," said the steward, "but I did not expect . . . ."

"That Providence would send you fire," interrupted

Paganel in a jovial tone. "First the larder of Kara-Tété and then fire out of the ground! Upon my word, this mountain is a paradise! I propose that we found a colony, and cultivate the soil and settle here for life! We shall be the Robinsons of Maunganamu. We should want for nothing."

"If it is solid ground," said John Mangles.

"Well! it is not a thing of yesterday," said Paganel. "It has stood against the internal fire for many a day, and will do so till we leave it, at any rate.

"Breakfast is ready," announced Olbinett with as much dignity as if he was in Malcolm Castle.

Without delay, the fugitives sat down near the palisade, and began one of the many meals with which Providence had supplied them in critical circumstances. Nobody was inclined to be fastidious, but opinions were divided as regarded the edible fern. Some thought the flavour sweet and agreeable, others pronounced it leathery, insipid, and resembling the taste of gum. The sweet potatoes, cooked in the burning soil, were excellent. The geographer remarked that Kara-Tété was not badly off.

And now that their hunger was appeased, it was time to decide on their plan of escape.

"So soon!" exclaimed Paganel in a piteous tone. "Would you quit the home of delight so soon?"

"But, Monsieur Paganel," interposed Lady Helena, "if this be Capua, you do not intend to imitate Hannibal!"

"Madame, I dare not contradict you, and if discussion is the order of the day, let it proceed."

"First," said Glenarvan, "I think we ought to start before we are driven to it by hunger. We are revived now, and ought to take advantage of it. To-night we will try to reach the eastern valleys by crossing the cordon of natives under cover of the darkness."

"Excellent," answered Paganel, "if the Maories allow us to pass."

"And if not?" asked John Mangles.

"Then we will use our great resources," said Paganel.

"But have we great resources?" inquired the Major.

"More than we can use!" replied Paganel, without any further explanation.

And then they waited for the night.

The natives had not stirred. Their numbers seemed even greater, perhaps owing to the influx of the stragglers of the tribe. Fires lighted at intervals formed a girdle of flame round the base of the mountain, so that when darkness fell, Maunganamu appeared to rise out of a great brasier, and to hide its head in the thick darkness. Five hundred feet below they could hear the hum and the cries of the enemy's camp.

At nine o'clock the darkness being very intense, Glenarvan and John Mangles went out to reconnoitre before embarking the whole party on this critical journey. They made the descent noiselessly, and after about ten minutes, arrived on the narrow ridge that crossed the native lines, fifty feet above the camp.

All went well so far. The Maories stretched beside

the fires, did not appear to observe the two fugitives. But in an instant a double fusillade burst forth from both sides of the ridge.

"Back!" exclaimed Glenarvan; "those wretches have the eyes of cats and the guns of riflemen!"

And they turned, and once more climbed the steep slope of the mountain, and then hastened to their friends who had been alarmed by the firing. Glenarvan's hat was pierced by two balls, and they concluded that it was out of the question to venture again on the ridge between two lines of marksmen.

"Wait till to-morrow," said Paganel, "and as we cannot elude their vigilance, let me try my hand on them."

The night was cold; but happily Kara-Tété had been furnished with his best night gear, and the party wrapped themselves each in a warm flax mantle, and, protected by native superstition, slept quietly inside the enclosure, on the warm ground, still vibrating with the violence of the internal ebullition.

CHAPTER XV.

PAGANEL'S BRIGHT IDEA.

NEXT day, February 17th, the sun's first rays awoke the sleepers of the Maunganamu. The Maories had long since been astir, coming and going at the foot of the mountain, without leaving their line of observation. Furious clamour broke out when they saw the Europeans leave the sacred place they had profaned.

Each of the party glanced first at the neighbouring mountains, and at the deep valleys still drowned in mist, and over Lake Taupo, which the morning breeze ruffled slightly. And then all clustered round Paganel eager to hear his project.

Paganel soon satisfied their curiosity. "My friends," said he, "my plan has one great recommendation: if it does not accomplish all that I anticipate, we shall be no worse off than we are at present. But it must, it will succeed."

"And what is it?" asked McNabbs.

"It is this," replied Paganel, "the superstition of the natives has made this mountain a refuge for us, and we must take advantage of their superstition to escape.

If I can persuade Kai-Koumou that we have expiated our profanation, that the wrath of the Deity has fallen on us; in a word, that we have died a terrible death, do you think he will leave the plateau of Maunganamu to return to his village?"

"Not a doubt of it," said Glenarvan.

"And what is the horrible death you refer to?" asked Lady Helena.

"The death of the sacrilegious, my friends," replied Paganel. "The avenging flames are under our feet. Let us open a way for them!"

"What! make a volcano!" cried John Mangles.

"Yes, an impromptu volcano, whose fury we can regulate. There are plenty of vapours ready to hand, and subterranean fires ready to issue forth. We can have an eruption ready to order."

"An excellent idea, Paganel; well conceived," said the Major.

"You understand," replied the geographer, "we are to pretend to fall victims to the flames of the Maori Pluto, and to disappear spiritually into the tomb of Kara-Tété. And stay there three, four, even five days if necessary—that is to say, till the savages are convinced that we have perished, and abandon their watch."

"But," said Miss Grant, "suppose they wish to be sure of our punishment, and climb up here to see?"

"No, my dear Mary," returned Paganel, "they will not do that. The mountain is tabooed, and if it devoured its sacrilegious intruders, it would only be more inviolably tabooed."

"It is really a very clever plan," said Glenarvan. "There is only one chance against it; that is, if the savages prolong their watch at the foot of Maunganamu, we may run out of provisions. But if we play our game well there is not much fear of that."

"And when shall we try this last chance?" asked Lady Helena.

"To-night," rejoined Paganel, "when the darkness is the deepest."

"Agreed," said McNabbs; "Paganel you are a genius! and I, who seldom get up an enthusiasm, I answer for the success of your plan. Oh! those villains! They shall have a little miracle that will put off their conversion for another century. I hope the missionaries will forgive us."

The project of Paganel was therefore adopted, and certainly with the superstitious ideas of the Maories there seemed good ground for hope. But brilliant as the idea might be, the difficulty was in the *modus operandi*. The volcano might devour the bold schemers who offered it a crater. Could they control and direct the eruption when they had succeeded in letting loose its vapour and flames, and lava streams? The entire cone might be engulphed. It was meddling with phenomena of which nature herself has the absolute monopoly.

Paganel had thought of all this; but he intended to act prudently, and without pushing things to extremes. An appearance would be enough to dupe the Maories, and there was no need for the terrible realities of an eruption.

How long that day seemed. Each one of the party inwardly counted the hours. All was made ready for flight. The Oudoupa provisions were divided and formed very portable packets. Some mats and fire-arms completed their light equipment, all of which they took from the tomb of the chief. It is needless to say that their preparations were made within the enclosure, and unseen by the savages.

At six o'clock the steward served up a refreshing, meal. Where or when they would eat in the valleys of the Ranges no one could foretell. So that they had to take in supplies for the future. The principal dish was composed of half a dozen rats, caught by Wilson and stewed. Lady Helena and Mary Grant obstinately refused to taste this game, which is highly esteemed by the natives; but the men enjoyed it like real Maories. The meat was excellent and savoury, and the six devourers were devoured down to the bones.

The evening twilight came on. The sun went down in a stormy-looking bank of clouds. A few flashes of lightning glanced across the horizon, and distant thunder pealed through the darkened sky.

Paganel welcomed the storm, which was a valuable aid to his plans, and completed his programme. The savages are superstitiously affected by the great phenomena of nature. The New Zealanders think that thunder is the angry voice of Noui-Atoua, and lightning the fierce gleam of his eyes. Thus their deity was coming personally to chastise the violators of the taboo.

At eight o'clock, the summit of Maunganamu was lost in portentous darkness. The sky would supply a black background for the blaze which Paganel was about to throw on it. The Maories could no longer see their prisoners; and this was the moment for action.

Speed was necessary. Glenarvan, Paganel, McNabbs, Robert, the steward, the two sailors, all lent a hand.

The spot for the crater was chosen thirty paces from Kara-Tété's tomb. It was important to keep the Oudoupa intact, for if it disappeared, the taboo of the mountain would be nullified. At the spot mentioned, Paganel had noticed an enormous block of stone, round which the vapours played with a certain degree of intensity. This block covered a small natural crater hollowed in the cone, and by its own weight prevented the egress of the subterranean fire. If they could move it from its socket, the vapours and the lava would issue by the disencumbered opening.

The workers used as levers some posts taken from the interior of the Oudoupa, and they plied their tools vigorously against the rocky mass. Under their united efforts the stone soon moved. They made a little trench so that it might roll down the inclined plane. As they gradually raised it, the vibrations under foot became more distinct. Dull roarings of flame and the whistling sound of a furnace ran along under the thin crust. The intrepid labourers, veritable Cyclops handling Earth's fires, worked in silence; soon some fissures and jets of steam warned them that their place

was growing dangerous. But a crowning effort moved the mass, which rolled down and disappeared. Immediately the thin crust gave way. A column of fire rushed to the sky with loud detonations, while streams of boiling water and lava flowed towards the native camp and the lower valleys.

All the cone trembled as if it was about to plunge into a fathomless gulf.

Glenarvan and his companions had barely time to get out of the way; they fled to the enclosure of the Oudoupa, not without having been sprinkled with water at 220°. This water at first spread a smell like soup, which soon changed into a strong odour of sulphur.

Then the mud, the lava, the volcanic stones, all spouted forth in a torrent. Streams of fire furrowed the sides of Maunganamu. The neighbouring mountains were lit up by the glare; the dark valleys were also filled with dazzling light.

All the savages had risen, howling under the pain inflicted by the burning lava, which was bubbling and foaming in the midst of their camp.

Those whom the liquid fire had not touched fled to the surrounding hills; then turned and gazed in terror at this fearful phenomenon, this volcano in which the anger of their deity would swallow up the profane intruders on the sacred mountain. Now and then when the roar of the eruption became less violent, their cry was heard:—

"Taboo! taboo! taboo!"

An enormous quantity of vapours, heated stones and lava was escaping by this crater of Maunganamu. It was not a mere geyser like those that girdle round Mount Hecla, in Iceland, but it was itself a Hecla. All this volcanic commotion was confined till then in the envelope of the cone, because the safety valve of Tongariro was enough for its expansion; but when this new issue was afforded, it rushed forth fiercely, and by the laws of equilibrium, the other eruptions in the island must on that night have lost their usual intensity.

An hour after this volcano burst upon the world, broad streams of lava were running down its sides. Legions of rats came out of their holes, and fled from the scene.

All night long, and fanned by the tempest in the upper sky, the crater never ceased to pour forth its torrents with a violence that alarmed Glenarvan. The eruption was breaking away the edges of the opening.

The prisoners hidden behind the enclosure of stakes, watched the fearful progress of the phenomenon.

Morning came. The fury of the volcano had not slackened. Thick yellowish fumes were mixed with the flames; the lava torrents wound their serpentine course in every direction.

Glenarvan, watched with a beating heart, looking from all the interstices of the palisaded inclosure, and observed the movements in the native camp.

The Maories had fled to the neighbouring ledges, out of the reach of the volcano. Some corpses which lay at the foot of the cone, were charred by the fire. Further off towards the "pah," the lava had reached a group of twenty huts, which were still smoking. The Maories, forming here and there in groups, contemplated the canopied summit of Maunganamu with religious awe.

Kai-Koumou approached in the midst of his warriors, and Glenarvan recognized him. The chief advanced to the foot of the hill, on the side untouched by the lava, but he did not ascend the first ledge.

Standing there, with his arms stretched out like an exorciser, he made some grimaces, whose meaning was obvious to the prisoners. As Paganel had foreseen, Kai-Koumou launched on the avenging mountain, a more rigorous taboo.

Soon after the natives left their positions and followed the winding paths that led towards the pah.

"They are going!" exclaimed Glenarvan. "They have left their posts! God be praised! Our stratagem has succeeded! My dear Helena, my brave friends, we are all dead and buried! But this evening when night comes, we shall rise and leave our tomb, and fly these barbarous tribes!"

It would be difficult to conceive of the joy that pervaded the Oudoupa. Hope had regained the mastery in all hearts. The intrepid travellers forgot the past, forgot the future, to enjoy the present delight! And

yet the task before them was not an easy one—to gain some European outpost in the midst of this unknown country. But Kai-Koumou once off their track, they thought themselves safe from all the savages in New Zealand.

A whole day had to elapse before they could make a start, and they employed it in arranging a plan of flight. Paganel had treasured up his map of New Zealand, and on it could trace out the best roads.

After discussion, the fugitives resolved to make for the Bay of Plenty, towards the east. The region was unknown, but apparently desert. The travellers, who from their past experience, had learnt to make light of physical difficulties, feared nothing but meeting Maories. At any cost they wanted to avoid them and gain the east coast, where the missionaries had several stations. That part of the country had hitherto escaped the horrors of war, and the natives were not in the habit of scouring the country.

As to the distance that separated Lake Taupo from the Bay of Plenty, they calculated it about a hundred miles. Ten days' march at ten miles a day, could be done, not without fatigue, but none of the party gave that a thought. If they could only reach the mission stations they could rest there while waiting for a favourable opportunity to get to Auckland, for that was the point they desired to reach.

These questions settled, they resumed their watch of the native proceedings, and continued so doing till

evening fell. Not a solitary native remained at the foot of the mountain, and when darkness set in over the Taupo valleys, not a fire indicated the presence of the Maories at the base. The road was free.

At nine o'clock, the night being unusually dark, Glenarvan gave the order to start. His companions and he armed and equipped at the expense of Kara-Tété, began cautiously to descend the slopes of Maunga-namu, John Mangles and Wilson leading the way, eyes and ears on the alert. They stopped at the slightest sound, they started at every passing cloud. They slid rather than walked down the spur, that their figures might be lost in the dark mass of the mountain. At two hundred feet below the summit, John Mangles and his sailors reached the dangerous ridge that had been so obstinately defended by the natives. If by ill luck the Maories more cunning than the fugitives, had only pretended to retreat; if they were not really duped by the volcanic phenomenon, this was the spot where their presence would be betrayed. Glenarvan could not but shudder, in spite of his confidence, and in spite of the jokes of Paganel. The fate of the whole party would hang in the balance for the ten minutes required to pass along that ridge. He felt the beating of Lady Helena's heart, as she clung to his arm.

He had no thought of turning back. Neither had John. The young captain, followed closely by the whole party, and protected by the intense darkness, crept along the ridge, stopping when some loose stone rolled to the bottom. If the savages were still in

ambush below, these unusual sounds might provoke from both sides a dangerous fusillade.

But speed was impossible in their serpent-like progress down this sloping crest. When John Mangles had reached the lowest point, he was scarcely twenty-five feet from the plateau where the natives were encamped the night before, and then the ridge rose again pretty steeply towards a wood for about a quarter of a mile.

All this lower part was crossed without molestation, and they commenced the ascent in silence. The clump of bush was invisible, though they knew it was there, and but for the possibility of an ambush, Glenarvan counted on being safe when the party arrived at that point. But he observed that after this point, they were no longer protected by the taboo. The ascending ridge belonged not to Maunganamu, but to the mountain system of the eastern side of Lake Taupo, so that they had not only pistol shots, but hand-to-hand fighting to fear. For ten minutes, the little band ascended by insensible degrees towards the higher table-land. John could not discern the dark wood, but he knew it ought to be within two hundred feet. Suddenly he stopped; almost retreated. He fancied he heard something in the darkness; his stoppage interrupted the march of those behind.

He remained motionless long enough to alarm his companions. They waited with unspeakable anxiety, wondering if they were doomed to retrace their steps, and return to the summit of Maunganamu.

But John finding that the noise was not repeated, resumed the ascent of the narrow path of the ridge.

Soon they perceived the shadowy outline of the wood showing faintly through the darkness. A few steps more and they were hid from sight in the thick foliage of the trees.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FLIGHT.

THE night favoured their escape, and prudence urged them to lose no time in getting away from the fatal neighbourhood of Lake Taupo. Paganel took the post of leader, and his wonderful instinct shone out anew in this difficult mountain journey. His nyctalopia was a great advantage; his cat-like sight enabling him to distinguish the smallest objects in the deepest gloom.

For three hours they walked on without halting along the far-reaching slope of the eastern side. Paganel kept a little to the south-east, in order to make use of a narrow passage between the Kaimanawa and the Wahiti Ranges, through which the road from Hawkes' Bay to Auckland passes. Once through that gorge, his plan was to keep off the road, and under the shelter of the high ranges, march to the coast across the inhabited regions of the province.

At nine o'clock in the morning, they had made twelve miles in twelve hours. The courageous women could not be pressed further, and besides, the locality was suitable for camping. The fugitives had reached

the pass that separates the two chains. Paganel, map in hand, made a loop towards the north-east, and at ten o'clock the little party reached a sort of redan, formed by a projecting rock.

The provisions were brought out, and justice was done to their meal. Mary Grant and the Major, who had not thought highly of the edible fern till then, now ate of it heartily.

The halt lasted till two o'clock in the afternoon, then they resumed their journey; and in the evening they stopped eight miles from the mountains, and required no persuasion to sleep in the open air.

Next day was one of serious difficulties. Their route lay across this wondrous region of volcanic lakes, geysers, and solfataras, which extend to the east of the Wahiti Ranges. It is a country more pleasant for the eye to ramble over, than for the limbs. Every quarter of a mile they had to turn aside or go round for some obstacle, and thus incurred great fatigue; but what a strange sight met their eyes! What infinite variety nature lavishes on her great panoramas!

On this vast extent of twenty miles square, the subterranean forces had a field for the display of all their varied effects. Salt springs of singular transparency, peopled by myriads of insects, sprang up from thickets of tea-tree scrub. They diffused a powerful odour of burnt powder, and scattered on the ground a white sediment like dazzling snow. The limpid waters were nearly at boiling point, while some neighbouring springs spread out like sheets of glass. Gigantic tree-ferns

grew beside them, and in conditions analogous to those of the Silurian vegetation.

On every side jets of water rose like park fountains, out of a sea of vapour; some of them continuous, others intermittent, as if a capricious Pluto controlled their movements. They rose like an amphitheatre on natural terraces; their waters gradually flowed together under the folds of white smoke, and corroding the edges of the semi-transparent steps of this gigantic staircase, they fed whole lakes with their boiling torrents.

Farther still, beyond the hot springs and tumultuous geysers, came the solfataras. The ground looked as if covered with large pustules. These were slumbering craters full of cracks and fissures from which rose various gases. The air was saturated with the acrid and unpleasant odour of sulphurous acid. The ground was encrusted with sulphur and crystalline concretions. All this incalculable wealth had been accumulating for centuries, and if the sulphur beds of Sicily should ever be exhausted, it is here, in this little-known district of New Zealand that supplies must be sought.

The fatigue of travelling in such a country as this will be best understood. Camping was very difficult, and the sportsmen of the party shot nothing worthy of Olbinett's skill; so that they had generally to content themselves with fern and sweet potato—a poor diet which was scarcely sufficient to recruit the exhausted strength of the little party, who were all anxious to escape from this barren and desolate region.

But four days at least must elapse before they could hope to leave it. On February 23, at a distance of fifty miles from Maunganamu, Glenarvan called a halt, and camped at the foot of a nameless mountain, marked on Paganel's map. The wooded plains stretched away from sight, and great forests appeared on the horizon.

It promised well, unless indeed the habitable nature of the country attracted too many Maories. So far, the fugitives had not seen the shadow of a native.

That day McNabbs and Robert killed three kiwis, which filled the chief place on their table, not for long, however, for in a few minutes they were all consumed from the beaks to the claws.

At dessert, between the potatoes and sweet potatoes Paganel moved a resolution which was carried with enthusiasm.

He proposed to give the name of Glenarvan to this unnamed mountain, which rose 3000 feet high, and then was lost in the clouds, and he printed carefully on his map the name of the Scottish nobleman.

It would be idle to narrate all the monotonous and uninteresting details of the rest of the journey. Only two or three occurrences of any importance took place on the way from the lakes to the Pacific Ocean.

The march was all day long across forests and plains. John took observations of the sun and stars. Neither heat nor rain increased the discomfort of the journey, but the travellers were so reduced by the trials they had undergone, that they made very slow

progress; and they longed to arrive at the mission station.

They still chatted, but the conversation had ceased to be general. The little party broke up into groups, attracted to each other, not by narrow sympathies, but by a more personal communion of ideas.

Glenarvan generally walked alone, his mind seemed to recur to his unfortunate crew, as he drew nearer to the sea. He apparently lost sight of the dangers which lay before them on their way to Auckland, in the thought of his massacred men; the horrible picture haunted him.

Harry Grant was never spoken of; they were no longer in a position to make any effort on his behalf. If his name was uttered at all, it was between his daughter and John Mangles.

John had never reminded Mary of what she had said to him on that last night at Waré-Atoua. He was too wise to take advantage of a word spoken in a moment of despair. When he mentioned Captain Grant, John always spoke of further search. He assured Mary that Lord Glenarvan would re-embark in the enterprise. He persistently returned to the fact that the authenticity of the document was indisputable, and that therefore Harry Grant was somewhere to be found, and that they would find him, if they had to try all over the world. Mary drank in his words, and she and John, united by the same thought, cherished the same hope. Often Lady Helena joined in the conversation; but she did not participate in their

illusions, though she refrained from chilling their enthusiasm.

McNabbs, Robert, Wilson, and Mulrady kept up their hunting parties, without going far from the rest, and each one furnished his *quota* of game.

Paganel, arrayed in his flax mat, kept himself aloof, in a silent and pensive mood.

And yet, it is only justice to say, in spite of the general rule that in the midst of trials, dangers, fatigues and privations, the most amiable dispositions become ruffled and embittered, all our travellers were united, devoted, ready to die for each other.

On the 25th of February, their progress was stopped by a river which answered to the Wakari on Paganel's map, and was easily forded.

For two days plains of low scrub succeeded each other without interruption. Half the distance from Lake Taupo to the coast had been traversed without accident, though not without fatigue.

Then the scene changed to immense and interminable forests, which reminded them of Australia, but here the kauri took the place of the eucalyptus. Although their enthusiasm had been incessantly called forth during their four months' journey, Glenarvan and his companions were compelled to admire and wonder at these gigantic pines, worthy rivals of the Cedars of Lebanon, and the "Mammoth trees" of California. The kauris, in botanical language "abietacea dammarinæ," measured a hundred feet high, before the ramification of the branches. They grew in isolated clumps.

and the forest was not composed of trees, but of innumerable groups of trees, which spread their green canopies in the air two hundred feet from the ground.

Some of these pines, still young, about a hundred years old, resembled the red pine of Europe. They had a dark crown surmounted by a sharp conical shoot. Their older brethren, five or six hundred years of age, formed great green pavilions supported on the inextricable network of their branches. These patriarchs of the New Zealand forest measured fifty yards in circumference, and the united arms of all the travellers could not embrace the giant trunk.

For three days the little party made their way under these vast arches, over a clayey soil which the foot of man had never trod. They knew this by the quantity of resinous gum that lay in heaps at the foot of the trees, and which would have lasted for native exportation many years.

The sportsmen found whole coveys of the kiwi, which are scarce in districts frequented by the Maories; the native dogs drive them away to the shelter of these inaccessible forests. They were an abundant source of nourishing food to our travellers.

Paganel also had the good fortune to espy, in a thicket, a pair of gigantic birds; his instinct as a naturalist was awakened. He called his companions and in spite of their fatigue, the Major, Robert, and he set off in the track of these animals.

His curiosity was excusable, for he had recognized or thought he had recognized these birds as "moas,"

belonging to the species of "dinormis," which many naturalists class with the extinct birds. This, if Paganel was right, would confirm the opinion of Dr. Hochstetter and other travellers on the present existence of the wingless giants of New Zealand.

These moas which Paganel was chasing, the contemporaries of the Megatherium and the Pterodactyles, must have been eighteen feet high. They were huge ostriches, timid too, for they fled with extreme rapidity. But no shot could stay their course. After a few minutes of chase, these fleet-footed moas disappeared among the tall trees, and the sportsmen lost their powder and their pains.

That evening, March 1, Glenarvan and his companions emerging at last from the immense kauri-forest camped at the foot of Mount Ikirangi, whose summit rose five thousand five hundred feet into the air. At this point they had travelled a hundred miles from Maunganamu, and the shore was still thirty miles away. John Mangles had calculated on accomplishing the whole journey in ten days, but he did not foresee the physical difficulties of the country.

On the whole, owing to the circuits, the obstacles, and the imperfect observations, the journey had been extended by fully one-fifth, and now that they had reached Mount Ikirangi, they were quite worn out.

Two long days of walking were still to be accomplished, during which time all their activity and vigilance would be required, for their way was through a district often frequented by the natives. The little

party conquered their weariness, and set out next morning at daybreak.

Between Mount Ikirangi which was left to the right, and Mount Hardy whose summit rose on the left to a height of 3700 feet, the journey was very trying, for about ten miles the bush was a tangle of "supple-jack," a kind of flexible rope, appropriately called "stifling creeper," that caught the feet at every step. For two days, they had to cut their way with an axe through this thousand-headed hydra. Hunting became impossible, and the sportsmen failed in their accustomed tribute. The provisions were almost exhausted, and there was no means of renewing them; their thirst was increased by fatigue, and there was no water wherewith to quench it.

The sufferings of Glenarvan and his party became terrible, and for the first time their moral energy threatened to give way. They no longer walked, they dragged themselves along, soulless bodies, animated only by the instinct of self-preservation which survives every other feeling, and in this melancholy plight they reached Point Lottin on the shores of the Pacific.

Here they saw several deserted huts, the ruins of a village lately destroyed by the war, abandoned fields, and everywhere signs of pillage and incendiary fires.

They were toiling painfully along the shore, when they saw, at a distance of about a mile, a band of natives, who rushed towards them brandishing their weapons. Glenarvan, hemmed in by the sea, could not fly, and

summoning all his remaining strength he was about to meet the attack, when John Mangles cried—

"A boat! a boat!"

And there, twenty paces off a canoe with six oars, lay on the beach. To launch it, jump in and fly from the dangerous shore, was only a minute's work. John Mangles, McNabbs, Wilson and Mulrady took the oars; Glenarvan the helm; the two women, Robert and Olbinett stretched themselves beside him. In ten minutes the canoe was a quarter of a mile from the shore. The sea was calm. The fugitives were silent. But John who did not want to get too far from land was about to give the order to go up the coast, when he suddenly stopped rowing.

He saw three canoes coming out from behind Point Lottin and evidently about to give chase.

"Out to sea! Out to sea!" he exclaimed. "Better to drown if we must!"

The canoe went fast under her four rowers. For half an hour she kept her distance; but the poor exhausted fellows, grew weaker, and the three pursuing boats began to gain sensibly on them. At this moment, scarcely two miles lay between them. It was impossible to avoid the attack of the natives, who were already preparing to fire their long guns.

What was Glenarvan about? standing up in the stern he was looking towards the horizon for some chimerical help. What did he hope for? What did he wish? Had he a presentiment?

In a moment his eyes gleamed, his hand pointed out into the distance.

"A ship! a ship!" he cried. "My friends, row! row hard!"

Not one of the rowers turned his head, not an oar-stroke must be lost. Paganel alone, rose and turned his telescope to the point indicated.

"Yes," said he, "a ship! a steamer! they are under full steam! they are coming to us! Found now, brave comrades!"

The fugitives summoned new energy, and for another half hour, keeping their distance, they rowed with hasty strokes. The steamer came nearer and nearer. They made out her two masts, bare of sails, and the great volumes of black smoke. Glenarvan handing the tiller to Robert, seized Paganel's glass, and watched the movements of the steamer.

John Mangles and his companions were lost in wonder when they saw Glenarvan's features contract and grow pale, and the glass drop from his hands. One word explained it.

"The *Duncan!*" exclaimed Glenarvan. "The *Duncan,* and the convicts!"

"The *Duncan,*" cried John, letting go his oar and rising too.

"Yes, death on all sides!" murmured Glenarvan, crushed by despair.

It was indeed the yacht, they could not mistake her; the yacht and her bandit crew!

The Major could scarcely restrain himself from cursing their destiny!

The canoe was meantime standing still. Where should they go? Whither fly? What choice was there between the convicts and the savages?

A shot was fired from the nearest of the native boats, and the ball struck Wilson's oar.

A few strokes then carried the canoe nearer to the *Duncan.*

The yacht was coming down at full speed, and was not more than a half a mile off.

John Mangles, between two enemies, did not know what to advise, whither to fly! The two poor ladies on their knees, prayed in their agony.

The savages kept up a running fire, and shots were raining round the canoe, when suddenly a loud report was heard, and a ball from the yacht's cannon passed over their heads, and now the boat remained motionless between the *Duncan,* and the native canoes.

John Mangles, frenzied with despair, seized his axe. He was about to scuttle the boat and sink it with his unfortunate companions, when a cry from Robert arrested his arm.

"Tom Austin! Tom Austin!" the lad shouted. "He is on board! I see him! He knows us! He is waving his hat."

The axe hung useless in John's hand.

A second ball whistled over his head, and cut in two the nearest of the three native boats, while a loud hurrah burst forth on board the *Duncan.*

The savages took flight, fled and regained the shore.

"Come on! Tom! come on," cried John Mangles in a joyous voice.

And a few minutes after the ten fugitives, how, they knew not, were all safe on board the *Duncan*.

CHAPTER XVII.

HOW THE "DUNCAN" CAME TO BE ON THE COAST OF NEW ZEALAND.

It would be vain to attempt to depict the feelings of Glenarvan and his friends when the songs of old Scotia fell on their ears. The moment they set foot on the deck of the *Duncan*, the piper blew his bagpipes, and commenced the national pibroch of the Malcolm clan, while loud hurrahs rent the air.

Glenarvan and his whole party, even the Major himself, were crying and embracing each other. They were delirious with joy. The geographer was absolutely mad. He frisked about; telescope in hand, pointing it at the last canoe approaching the shore.

But at the sight of Glenarvan and his companions, with their clothing in rags and thin haggard faces, bearing marks of horrible sufferings, the crew ceased their noisy demonstrations. These were spectres who had returned, not the bright adventurous travellers who had left the yacht three months before so full of hope! Chance, and chance only had brought them back to the deck of the yacht they never thought to see again!

And in what a state of exhaustion and feebleness. But before thinking of fatigue or attending to the imperious demands of hunger and thirst, Glenarvan questioned Tom Austin about his being on this coast.

Why had the *Duncan* come to the eastern coast of New Zealand? How was it not in the hands of Ben Joyce? By what providential fatality had God brought them in the track of the fugitives?

Why? how? and for what purpose? Tom was stormed with questions on all sides. The old sailor did not know which to listen to first, and at last resolved to hear nobody but Glenarvan, and to answer nobody but him.

"But the convicts?" inquired Glenarvan. "What did you do with them?"

"The convicts?" replied Tom, with the air of a man who does not in the least understand what he is being asked.

"Yes, the wretches who attacked the yacht!"

"What yacht? Your Honour's?"

"Why, of course, Tom. The *Duncan*, and Ben Joyce, who came on board."

"I don't know this Ben Joyce, and have never seen him."

"Never seen him!" exclaimed Paganel, stupified at the old sailor's replies. "Then pray tell me, Tom, how it is that the *Duncan* is cruising at this moment on the coast of New Zealand?"

But if Glenarvan and his friends were totally at a loss to understand the bewilderment of the old sailor,

what was their amazement when he replied in a calm voice,

"The *Duncan* is cruising here by your Honour's orders."

"By my orders!" cried Glenarvan.

"Yes, my Lord. I only acted in obedience to the instructions sent in your letter of January 14th."

"My letter! my letter!" exclaimed Glenarvan.

The ten travellers pressed closer round Tom Austin, devouring him with their eyes. The letter dated from Snowy River had reached the *Duncan* then?

"Let us come to explanations, pray, for it seems to me I am dreaming. You received a letter, Tom?"

"Yes, a letter from your Honour."

"At Melbourne?"

"At Melbourne, just as our repairs were completed."

"And this letter?"

"It was not written by you, but bore your signature, my Lord."

"Just so, my letter was brought by a convict called Ben Joyce."

"No, by a sailor, called Ayrton, a quartermaster on the *Britannia*."

"Yes, Ayrton, or Ben Joyce, one and the same individual. Well, and what were the contents of this letter?"

"It contained orders to leave Melbourne without delay, and to go and cruise on the eastern coast of——"

"Australia!" said Glenarvan, with such vehemence that the old sailor was somewhat disconcerted.

"Of Australia?" repeated Tom, opening his eyes. "No, but New Zealand."

"Australia! Tom! Australia!" they all cried with one voice.

Austin's head began to feel in a whirl. Glenarvan spoke with such assurance, that he thought after all he must have made a mistake in reading the letter. Could a faithful, exact old sailor like himself have been guilty of such a thing? He turned red, and looked quite disturbed.

"Never mind, Tom!" said Lady Helena. "God so willed it."

"But no, Madam, pardon me," replied old Tom. "No, it is impossible, I was not mistaken. Ayrton read the letter as I did; and it was he, on the contrary, who wished to bring me to the Australian coast?"

"Ayrton!" cried Glenarvan.

"Yes, Ayrton himself. He insisted it was a mistake, that you meant to order me to Twofold Bay."

"Have you the letter still, Tom?" asked the Major, extremely interested in this mystery.

"Yes, Mr. McNabbs," replied Austin. "I'll go and fetch it."

He ran at once to his cabin in the forecastle. During his momentary absence, they gazed at each other in silence, all but the Major, who crossed his arms and said:—

"Well now, Paganel, you must own this would be going a little too far."

"What?" growled Paganel, looking like a gigantic note of interrogation, with his spectacles on his forehead and his stooping back.

Austin returned directly with the letter written by Paganel and signed by Glenarvan.

"Will your Honour read it?" he said, handing it to him.

Glenarvan took the letter and read as follows :—

"Order to Tom Austin to put out to sea without delay, and to take the *Duncan* by latitude 37° to the Eastern Coast of New Zealand!"

"New Zealand," cried Paganel leaping up.

And he seized the letter from Glenarvan, rubbed his eyes, pushed down his spectacles on his nose, and read it for himself.

"New Zealand!" he repeated in an indescribable tone letting the order slip between his fingers.

That same moment he felt a hand laid on his shoulder, and turning round found himself face to face with the Major, who said in a grave tone—

"Well, my good Paganel, after all it is a lucky thing you did not send the *Duncan* to Cochin-China!"

This pleasantry finished the poor geographer. The crew burst out into loud Homeric laughter. Paganel ran about like a madman, seized his head with both hands, and tore his hair. He neither knew what he was doing nor what he wanted to do. He rushed down the poop stairs mechanically, and paced the deck,

nodding to himself, and going straight before without aim or object till he reached the forecastle. There his feet got entangled in a coil of rope. He stumbled and fell forward, accidentally catching hold of a rope with both hands in his fall.

Suddenly a tremendous explosion was heard. The forecastle gun had gone off, riddling the quiet calm waves with a volley of small shot. The unfortunate Paganel had caught hold of the cord of the loaded gun. The geographer was thrown down the forecastle ladder and disappeared below.

A cry of terror succeeded the surprise produced by the explosion. Everybody thought something terrible must have happened. The sailors rushed between decks and lifted up Paganel, almost bent double. The geographer uttered no sound.

They carried his long body on to the poop. His companions were in despair. The Major, who was always the surgeon on great occasions, began to strip the unfortunate, that he might dress his wounds; but he had scarcely put his hand on the dying man, when he started up as if touched by an electrical machine.

"Never! never!" he exclaimed, and pulling his ragged coat tightly round him, he began buttoning it up in a strangely excited manner.

"But, Paganel!" began the Major.

"No, I tell you!"

"I must examine——"

"You shall not examine."

"You may perhaps have broken——" continued McNabbs.

"Yes," replied Paganel, getting up on his long legs, "but what I have broken the carpenter can mend."

"What is it then?"

"There."

Bursts of laughter from the crew followed this speech. Paganel's friends were quite reassured about him now. They were satisfied that he had come off safe and sound from his adventure with the forecastle gun.

"At any rate," thought the Major, "the geographer is wonderfully bashful."

But now Paganel was recovered a little, he had to reply to a question he could not escape.

"Now, Paganel," said Glenarvan, "tell us frankly all about it. I own that your blunder was providential. It is sure and certain, that but for you, the *Duncan* would have fallen into the hands of the convicts; but for you we should have been recaptured by the Maories. But for my sake tell me by what strange association of ideas, by what supernatural aberration of mind you were induced to write New Zealand instead of Australia?"

"Well, upon my oath," said Paganel, "it is——"

But the same instant his eyes fell on Mary and Robert Grant, and he stopped short and then went on—

"What would you have me say, my dear Glenarvan? I am mad, I am an idiot, an incorrigible fellow, and I shall live and die the most terribly absent man. I can't change my skin."

"Unless you get flayed alive."

"Get flayed alive!" cried the geographer with a furious look. "Is that a personal allusion?"

"An allusion to what?" asked McNabbs quietly.

This was all that passed. The mystery of the *Duncan's* presence on the coast was explained, and all that the travellers thought about now was to get back to their comfortable cabins, and to have breakfast.

However, Glenarvan and John Mangles stayed behind with Tom Austin after the others had retired. They wished to put some further questions to him.

"Now then, old Austin," said Glenarvan, "tell me, didn't it strike you as strange to be ordered to go and cruise on the coast of New Zealand!"

"Yes, your Honour," replied Tom. "I was very much surprised, but it is not my custom to discuss any orders I receive, and I obeyed. Could I do otherwise? If some catastrophe had occurred through not carrying out your injunctions to the letter, should not I have been to blame? Would you have acted differently, captain?"

"No, Tom," replied John Mangles.

"But what did you think?" asked Glenarvan.

"I thought, your Honour, that in the interest of

Harry Grant, it was necessary to go where I was told to go. I thought that in consequence of fresh arrangements, you were to sail over to New Zealand, and that I was to wait for you on the east coast of the island. Moreover, on leaving Melbourne, I kept our destination a secret, and the crew only knew it when we were right out at sea, and the Australian continent was finally out of sight. But one circumstance then occurred which greatly perplexed me."

"What was it Tom?" asked Glenarvan.

"Just this, that when the quartermaster of the *Britannia* heard our destination——"

"Ayrton!" cried Glenarvan. "Then is he on board?"

"Yes, your Honour."

"Ayrton here?" repeated Glenarvan, looking at John Mangles.

"God has so willed it!" said the young captain.

In an instant, like lightning, Ayrton's conduct, his long-planned treachery, Glenarvan's wound, Mulrady's assassination, the sufferings of the expedition in the marshes of the Snowy River, the whole past life of the miscreant, flashed before the eyes of the two men. And now, by the strangest concourse of events, the convict was in their power.

"Where is he?" asked Glenarvan eagerly.

"In a cabin in the forecastle, and under guard."

"Why was he imprisoned?"

"Because when Ayrton heard the vessel was going to New Zealand, he was in a fury; because he tried to force me to alter the course of the ship; because he threatened me; and, last of all, because he incited my men to mutiny. I saw clearly he was a dangerous individual, and I must take precautions against him."

"And since then?"

"Since then he has remained in his cabin without attempting to go out."

"That's well, Tom."

Just at this moment Glenarvan and John Mangles were summoned to the saloon where breakfast, which they so sorely needed, was awaiting them. They seated themselves at the table and spoke no more of Ayrton.

But after the meal was over, and the guests were refreshed and invigorated, and they all went up on deck, Glenarvan acquainted them with the fact of the quartermaster's presence on board, and at the same time announced his intention of having him brought before them.

"May I beg to be excused from being present at his examination?" said Lady Helena. "I confess, dear Edward, it would be extremely painful for me to see the wretched man."

"He must be confronted with us, Helena," replied Lord Glenarvan; "I beg you will stay. Ben Joyce must see all his victims face to face."

Lady Helena yielded to his wish. Mary Grant

sat beside her, near Glenarvan. All the others formed a group round them, the whole party that had been compromised so seriously by the treachery of the convict. The crew of the yacht, without understanding the gravity of the situation, kept profound silence.

"Bring Ayrton here," said Glenarvan.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AYRTON OR BEN JOYCE?

AYRTON came. He crossed the deck with a confident tread, and mounted the steps to the poop. His eyes were gloomy, his teeth set, his fists clenched convulsively. His appearance betrayed neither effrontery nor timidity. When he found himself in the presence of Lord Glenarvan he folded his arms and awaited the questions calmly and silently.

"Ayrton," said Glenarvan, "here we are then, you and us, on this very *Duncan* that you wished to deliver into the hands of the convicts of Ben Joyce."

The lips of the quartermaster trembled slightly and a quick flush suffused his impassive features. Not the flush of remorse, but of shame at failure. On this yacht which he thought he was to command as master, he was a prisoner, and his fate was about to be decided in a few seconds.

However, he made no reply. Glenarvan waited patiently. But Ayrton persisted in keeping absolute silence.

"Speak, Ayrton, what have you to say?" resumed Glenarvan.

Ayrton hesitated, the wrinkles in his forehead deepened, and at length he said in a calm voice:—

"I have nothing to say, my Lord. I have been fool enough to allow myself to be caught. Act as you please."

Then he turned his eyes away towards the coast which lay on the west, and affected profound indifference to what was passing around him. One would have thought him a stranger to the whole affair. But Glenarvan was determined to be patient. Powerful motives urged him to find out certain details concerning the mysterious life of Ayrton, especially those which related to Harry Grant and the *Britannia*. He therefore resumed his interrogations, speaking with extreme gentleness and firmly restraining his violent irritation against him.

"I think, Ayrton," he went on, "that you will not refuse to reply to certain questions that I wish to put to you; and, first of all, ought I to call you Ayrton or Ben Joyce? Are you, or are you not, the quartermaster of the *Britannia?*"

Ayrton remained impassive, gazing at the coast, deaf to every question.

Glenarvan's eye kindled, as he said again:—

"Will you tell me how you left the *Britannia*, and why you are in Australia?"

The same silence, the same impassibility.

"Listen to me, Ayrton," continued Glenarvan,

"It is to your interest to speak. Frankness is the only resource left to you, and it may stand you in good stead. For the last time, I ask you, will you reply to my questions?"

Ayrton turned his head towards Glenarvan and looked into his eyes.

"My Lord," he said, "it is not for me to answer. Justice may witness against me, but I am not going to witness against myself."

"Proof will be easy," said Glenarvan.

"Easy, my Lord," repeated Ayrton in a mocking tone. "Your Honour makes rather a bold assertion there, it seems to me. For my own part, I venture to affirm that the best judge in the Temple would be puzzled what to make of me. Who will say why I came to Australia, when Captain Grant is not here to tell? Who will prove that I am the Ben Joyce placarded by the police, when the police have never had me in their hands, and my companions are at liberty? Who can damage me except yourself, by bringing forward a single crime against me, or even a blameable action? Who will affirm that I intended to take possession of this ship and deliver it into the hands of the convicts? No one, I tell you, no one. You have your suspicions, but you need certainties to condemn a man, and certainties you have none. Until there is a proof to the contrary, I am Ayrton, quartermaster of the *Britannia*."

Ayrton had become animated, while he was speaking, but soon relapsed into his former indifference. He,

no doubt, expected that his reply would close the examination, but Glenarvan commenced again, and said:—

"Ayrton, I am not a Crown prosecutor charged with your indictment. That is no business of mine. It is important that our respective situations should be clearly defined. I am not asking you anything that could compromise you. That is for justice to do. But you know what I am searching for, and a single word may put me on the track I have lost. Will you speak?"

Ayrton shook his head like a man determined to be silent.

"Will you tell me where Captain Grant is?" asked Glenarvan.

"No, my Lord," replied Ayrton.

"Will you tell me where the *Britannia* was wrecked?"

"No, neither the one nor the other."

"Ayrton," said Glenarvan in almost beseeching tones, "if you know where Harry Grant is, will you, at least, tell his poor children, who are waiting for you to speak the word?"

Ayrton hesitated. His features contracted, and he muttered in a low voice, "I cannot, my Lord."

Then he added with vehemence, as if reproaching himself for a momentary weakness,

"No! I will not speak. Have me hanged if you choose!"

"Hanged!" exclaimed Glenarvan, overcome by a sudden feeling of anger.

But immediately mastering himself, he added in a grave voice:—

"Ayrton, there is neither judge nor executioner here. At the first port we touch at, you will be given up into the hands of the English authorities."

"That is what I demand," was the quartermaster's reply.

Then he turned away and quietly walked back to his cabin, which served as his prison. Two sailors kept guard at the door with orders to watch his slightest movement. The witnesses of this examination retired from the scene indignant and despairing.

As Glenarvan could make no way against Ayrton's obstinacy, what was to be done now? Plainly no course remained but to carry out the plan formed at Eden, of returning to Europe and giving up for the time this unsuccessful enterprise, for the traces of the *Britannia* seemed irrevocably lost, and the document did not appear to allow any fresh interpretation. On the 37th parallel there was not even another country, and the *Duncan* had only to turn and go back.

After Glenarvan had consulted his friends, he talked over the question of returning, more particularly with the captain. John examined the coal bunkers, and found there was only enough to last fifteen days longer at the outside. It was necessary, therefore, to put in at the nearest port for a fresh supply.

John proposed that he should steer for the Bay of

Talcahuano, where the *Duncan* had once before been revictualled before she commenced her voyage of circumnavigation. It was a direct route across, and lay exactly along the 37th parallel. From thence the yacht, being amply provisioned, might go south, double Cape Horn, and get back to Scotland by the Atlantic route.

This plan was adopted, and orders were given to the engineer to get up the steam. Half-an-hour afterwards the beak-head of the yacht was turned towards Talcahuano, over a sea worthy of being called the Pacific, and at six p.m. the last mountains of New Zealand had disappeared in warm, hazy mist on the horizon.

The return voyage was fairly commenced. A sad voyage, for the courageous search party to come back to the port without bringing home Harry Grant with them! The crew, so joyous at departure and so hopeful, were coming back to Europe defeated and discouraged. There was not one among the brave fellows whose heart did not swell at the thought of seeing his own country once more; and yet there was not one among them either who would not have been willing to brave the perils of the sea for a long time still if they could but find Captain Grant.

Consequently, the hurrahs which greeted the return of Lord Glenarvan to the yacht soon gave place to dejection. Instead of the close intercourse which had formerly existed among the passengers, and the lively conversations which had cheered the voyage, each one kept apart from the others in the solitude of his own

cabin, and it was seldom that any one appeared on the deck of the *Duncan*.

Paganel, who generally shared in an exaggerated form the feelings of those about him, whether painful or joyous—a man who could have invented hope if necessary—even Paganel was gloomy and taciturn. He was seldom visible; his natural loquacity and French vivacity gave place to silence and dejection. He seemed even more downhearted than his companions. If Glenarvan spoke at all of renewing the search, he shook his head like a man who has given up all hope, and whose convictions concerning the fate of the shipwrecked men appeared settled. It was quite evident he believed them irrevocably lost.

And yet there was a man on board who could have spoken the decisive word, and refused to break his silence. This was Ayrton. There was no doubt the fellow knew, if not the present whereabouts of the captain, at least the place of shipwreck. But it was evident that were Grant found, he would be a witness against him. Hence his persistent silence, which gave rise to great indignation on board, especially among the crew, who would have liked to deal summarily with him.

Glenarvan repeatedly renewed his attempts with the quartermaster, but promises and threats were alike useless. Ayrton's obstinacy was so great, and so inexplicable, that the Major began to believe he had nothing to reveal. His opinion was shared, moreover, by the geographer, as it corroborated his own notion about Harry Grant.

But if Ayrton knew nothing, why did he not confess his ignorance? It could not be turned against him. His silence increased the difficulty of forming any new plan. Was the presence of the quartermaster on the Australian continent a proof of Henry Grant's being there? It was settled that they must get this information out of Ayrton, cost what it might.

Lady Helena, seeing her husband's ill success, asked his permission to try her powers against the obstinacy of the quartermaster. When a man had failed, a woman perhaps, with her gentle influence, might succeed. Is there not a constant repetition going on of the story of the fable where the storm, blow as it will, cannot tear the cloak from the shoulders of the traveller, while the first warm rays of sunshine make him throw it off immediately?

Glenarvan, knowing his young wife's good sense, allowed her to act as she pleased.

The same day (the 5th of March), Ayrton was conducted to Lady Helena's saloon. Mary Grant was to be present at the interview, for the influence of the young girl might be considerable, and Lady Helena would not lose any chance of success.

For a whole hour the two ladies were closeted with the quartermaster, but nothing transpired about their interview. What had been said, what arguments they used to win the secret from the convict, or what questions were asked, remained unknown; but when they left Ayrton, they did not seem to have succeeded, as the expression on their faces denoted discouragement.

In consequence of this, when the quartermaster was being taken back to his cabin, the sailors met him with violent menaces. He took no notice except by shrugging his shoulders, which so increased their rage, that John Mangles and Glenarvan had to interfere, and could only repress it with difficulty.

But Lady Helena would not own herself vanquished. She resolved to struggle to the last with this pitiless man, and went next day herself to his cabin to avoid exposing him again to the vindictiveness of the crew.

The good and gentle Scotch woman stayed alone with the convict leader for two long hours. Glenarvan in a state of extreme nervous anxiety, remained outside the cabin, alternately resolved to exhaust completely this last chance of success, alternately resolved to rush in and snatch his wife from so painful a situation.

But this time when Lady Helena reappeared, her look was full of hope. Had she succeeded in extracting the secret, and awakening in that adamant heart a last faint touch of pity?

McNabbs, who first saw her, could not restrain a gesture of incredulity.

However the report soon spread among the sailors that the quartermaster had yielded to the persuasions of Lady Helena. The effect was electrical. The entire crew assembled on deck far quicker than Tom Austin's whistle could have brought them together.

Glenarvan had hastened up to his wife and eagerly asked:—

"Has he spoken?"

"No," replied Lady Helena, "but he has yielded to my entreaties, and wishes to see you."

"Ah, dear Helena, you have succeeded!"

"I hope so, Edward."

"Have you made him any promise that I must ratify?"

"Only one; that you will do all in your power to mitigate his punishment."

"Very well, dear Helena. Let Ayrton come immediately."

Lady Helena retired to her cabin with Mary Grant, and the quartermaster was brought into the saloon where Lord Glenarvan was expecting him.

CHAPTER XIX.

A BARGAIN.

As soon as the quartermaster was brought into the presence of Lord Glenarvan, his keepers withdrew.

"You wanted to speak to me, Ayrton?" said Glenarvan.

"Yes, my Lord," replied the quartermaster.

"Did you wish for a private interview?"

"Yes, but I think if Major McNabbs and Mr. Paganel were present it would be better."

"For whom?"

"For myself."

Ayrton spoke quite calmly and firmly. Glenarvan looked at him for an instant, and then sent to summon McNabbs and Paganel, who came at once.

"We are all ready to listen to you," said Glenarvan, when his two friends had taken their place at the saloon table.

Ayrton collected himself for an instant, and then said:—

"My Lord, it is usual for witnesses to be present at every contract or transaction between two parties,

That is why I desired the presence of Messrs. Paganel and McNabbs, for it is properly speaking, a bargain which I propose to make."

Glenarvan, accustomed to Ayrton's ways, exhibited no surprise, though any bargaining between this man and himself seemed strange.

"What is the bargain?" he said.

"This," replied Ayrton. "You wish to obtain from me certain facts which may be useful to you. I wish to obtain from you certain advantages which would be valuable to me. It is giving for giving, my Lord. Do you agree to this or not?"

"What are the facts?" asked Paganel eagerly.

"No," said Glenarvan. "What are the advantages?"

Ayrton bowed in token that he understood Glenarvan's distinction.

"These," he said, "are the advantages I ask. It is still your intention, I suppose, to deliver me up to the English authorities?"

"Yes, Ayrton, it is only justice."

"I don't say it is not," replied the quartermaster quietly. "Then of course you would never consent to set me at liberty."

Glenarvan hesitated before replying to a question so plainly put. On the answer he gave, perhaps the fate of Harry Grant might depend!

However, a feeling of duty towards human justice compelled him to say,

"No, Ayrton, I cannot set you at liberty."

"I do not ask it," said the quartermaster proudly.

"Then, what is it you want?"

"A middle place, my Lord, between the gibbet that awaits me and the liberty which you cannot grant me."

"And that is——"

"To allow me to be left on one of the uninhabited islands of the Pacific, with such things as are absolute necessaries. I will manage as best I can, and will repent if I have time."

Glenarvan, quite unprepared for such a proposal looked at his two friends in silence. But after a brief reflection, he replied:—

"Ayrton, if I agree to your request, you will tell me all. I have an interest in knowing."

"Yes, my Lord, that is to say, all I know about Captain Grant and the *Britannia*."

"The whole truth?"

"The whole."

"But what guarantee have I?"

"Oh, I see what you are uneasy about. You need a guarantee for me, for the truth of a criminal. That's natural. But what can you have under the circumstances? There is no help for it, you must either take my offer or leave it."

"I will trust to you, Ayrton," said Glenarvan simply.

"And you do right, my Lord. Besides, if I deceive you, vengeance is in your own power."

"How?"

"You can come and take me again from where you

left me, as I shall have no means of getting away from the island."

Ayrton had an answer for everything. He anticipated the difficulties and furnished unanswerable arguments against himself. It was evident he intended to affect perfect good faith in the business. It was impossible to show more complete confidence. And yet he was prepared to go still further in disinterestedness.

"My Lord and gentlemen," he added, "I wish to convince you of the fact that I am playing cards on the table. I have no wish to deceive you, and I am going to give you a fresh proof of my sincerity in this matter. I deal frankly with you, because I reckon on your honour."

"Speak, Ayrton," said Glenarvan.

"My Lord, I have not your promise yet to accede to my proposal, and yet I do not scruple to tell you, that I know very little about Harry Grant."

"Very little," exclaimed Glenarvan.

"Yes, my Lord, the details I am in a position to give you relate to myself. They are entirely personal, and will not do much to help you to recover the lost traces of Captain Grant."

Keen disappointment was depicted on the faces of Glenarvan and the Major. They thought the quartermaster in the possession of an important secret, and he declared that his communications would be very nearly barren. Paganel's countenance remained unmoved.

Somehow or other, this avowal of Ayrton, and

surrender of himself, so to speak, unconditionally, singularly touched his auditors, especially when the quartermaster added:—

"So I tell you beforehand, the bargain will be more to my profit than yours."

"It does not signify," replied Glenarvan. "I accept your proposal, Ayrton. I give you my word to land you on one of the islands of the Pacific Ocean."

"All right, my Lord," replied the quartermaster.

Was this strange man glad of this decision? One might have doubted it, for his impassive countenance betokened no emotion whatever. It seemed as if he were acting for some one else rather than himself.

"I am ready to answer," he said.

"We have no questions to put to you," said Glenarvan. "Tell us all you know, Ayrton, and begin by declaring who you are."

"Gentlemen," replied Ayrton, "I am really Tom Ayrton, the quartermaster of the *Britannia*. I left Glasgow on Harry Grant's ship on the 12th of March, 1861. For fourteen months I cruised with him in the Pacific in search of an advantageous spot for founding a Scotch colony. Harry Grant was the man to carry out grand projects, but serious disputes often arose between us. His temper and mine could not agree. I cannot bend, and with Harry Grant, when once his resolution is taken, any resistance is impossible, my Lord. He has an iron will both for himself and others.

"But in spite of that, I dared to rebel, and I tried to get the crew to join me, and to take possession of the

vessel. Whether I was to blame or not is of no consequence. Be that as it may, Harry Grant had no scruples, and on the 8th of April, 1862, he left me behind on the west coast of Australia."

"Of Australia!" said the Major, interrupting Ayrton in his narrative. "Then of course you had quitted the *Britannia* before she touched at Callao, which was her last date?"

"Yes," replied the quartermaster, "for the *Britannia* did not touch there while I was on board. And how I came to speak of Callao at Paddy O'Moore's farm was, that I learnt the circumstance from your recital."

"Go on, Ayrton," said Glenarvan.

"I found myself abandoned on a nearly desert coast, but only forty miles from the penal settlement at Perth, the capital of Western Australia. As I was wandering there along the shore, I met a band of convicts who had just escaped, and I joined myself to them. You will dispense, my Lord, with any account of my life for two years and a half. This much, however, I must tell you, that I became the leader of the gang, under the name of Ben Joyce. In September, 1864, I introduced myself at the Irish farm, where I engaged myself as a servant in my real name, Ayrton. I waited there, till I should get some chance of seizing a ship. This was my one idea. Two months afterwards, the *Duncan* arrived. During your visit to the farm, you related Captain Grant's history, and I learnt then facts of which I was not previously aware—that the *Britannia* had touched at Callao, and that her latest news was dated

June, 1862, two months after my disembarkation, and also about the document, and the loss of the ship somewhere along the 37th parallel; and, lastly, the strong reasons you had for supposing Harry Grant was on the Australian continent. Without the least hesitation I determined to appropriate the *Duncan*, a matchless vessel, able to outdistance the swiftest ships in the British Navy. But serious injuries had to be repaired. I therefore let it go to Melbourne and joined myself to you in my true character as quartermaster, offering to guide you to the scene of the shipwreck, fictitiously placed by me on the east coast of Australia. It was in this way, followed or sometimes preceded by my gang of convicts, I directed your expedition towards the province of Victoria. My men committed a bootless crime at Camden Bridge; since the *Duncan*, if brought to the coast, could not escape me, and with the yacht once mine, I was master of the ocean. I led you in this way unsuspectingly, as far as the Snowy River. The horses and bullocks dropped dead one by one, poisoned by the gastrolobium. I dragged the wagon into the marshes, where it got half buried. At my instance,—but you know the rest, my Lord, and you may be sure that but for the blunder of Mr. Paganel, I should now command the *Duncan*. Such is my history, gentlemen. My disclosures, unfortunately, cannot put you on the track of Harry Grant, and you perceive that you have made but a poor bargain by coming to my terms."

The quartermaster said no more, but crossed his arms in his usual fashion and waited. Glenarvan and

his friends kept silence. They felt that this strange criminal had spoken the whole truth. He had only missed his coveted prize, the *Duncan*, through a cause independent of his will. His accomplices had gone to Twofold Bay, as was proved by the convict blouse found by Glenarvan. Faithful to the orders of their chief, they had kept watch on the yacht, and at length, weary of waiting, had returned to the old haunt of robbers and incendiaries in the country parts of New South Wales.

The Major put the first question, his object being to verify the dates of the *Britannia*.

"You are sure then," he said, "that it was on the 8th of April you were left on the west coast of Australia?"

"On that very day," replied Ayrton.

"And do you know what projects Harry Grant had in view at the time?"

"In an indefinite way I do."

"Say all you can, Ayrton," said Glenarvan, "the least indication may set us in the right course."

"I only knew this much, my Lord," replied the quartermaster, "that Captain Grant intended to visit New Zealand. Now, as this part of the programme was not carried out while I was on board, it is not impossible that on leaving Callao the *Britannia* went to reconnoitre New Zealand. This would agree with the date assigned by the document to the shipwreck—the 27th of June, 1862."

"Clearly," said Paganel.

"But," objected Glenarvan, "there is nothing in the fragmentary words in the document that could apply to New Zealand."

"That I cannot answer," said the quartermaster.

"Well, Ayrton," said Glenarvan, "you have kept your word, and I will keep mine. We have to decide now on what island of the Pacific Ocean you are to be left."

"It matters little, my Lord," replied Ayrton.

"Return to your cabin," said Glenarvan, "and wait our decision."

The quartermaster withdrew, guarded by the two sailors.

"That villain might have been a man," said the Major.

"Yes," returned Glenarvan; "he is a strong, clear-headed fellow. Why was it that he must needs turn his powers to such evil account?"

"But Harry Grant?"

"I much fear he is irrevocably lost. Poor children! Who can tell them where their father is?"

"I can!" replied Paganel. "Yes; I can!" One could not help remarking that the geographer, so loquacious and impatient usually, had scarcely spoken during Ayrton's examination. He listened without opening his mouth. But this speech of his now was worth many others, and it made Glenarvan spring to his feet, crying out,

"You, Paganel! you know where Captain Grant is?"

"Yes, as far as can be known."

"And how do you know?"

"From that eternal document."

"Ah!" said the Major, in a tone of the most profound incredulity.

"Hear me first, and shrug your shoulders afterwards," said Paganel. "I did not speak sooner, because you would not have believed me. Besides, it was useless; and I only speak to-day because Ayrton's opinion just supports my own."

"Then it is New Zealand?" asked Glenarvan.

"Listen and judge," replied Paganel. "It is not without reason, or, rather, I had a reason for making the blunder which has saved our lives. When I was in the very act of writing the letter to Glenarvan's dictation the word *Zealand* was simmering in my brain. This is why. You remember we were in the wagon. McNabbs had just apprised Lady Helena about the convicts; he had given her the number of *The Australian and New Zealand Gazette* which contained the account of the catastrophe at Camden Bridge. Now, just as I was writing, the newspaper was lying on the ground, folded in such a manner that only two syllables of the title were visible; these two syllables were *aland*. What a sudden light flashed on my mind! *Aland* was one of the words in the English document, one that hitherto we had translated *à terre*, and which must have been the termination of the proper noun, *Zealand*."

"Indeed!" said Glenarvan.

"Yes," continued Paganel, with profound conviction; "this meaning had escaped me, and do you

know why? Because my wits were exercised naturally on the French document, as it was most complete, and in that this important word was wanting."

"Oh, oh!" said the Major; "your imagination goes too far, Paganel; and you forget your former deductions."

"Go on, Major; I am ready to answer you."

"Well, then, what do you make of your word *austra?*"

"What it was at first. It merely means, southern countries."

"Well, and this syllable, *indi,* which was first the root of the word *Indians*, and second the root of the word *indigènes?*"

"Well, the third and last time," replied Paganel, "it will be the first syllable of the word *indigence.*"

"And *contin?*" cried McNabbs. "Does that still mean *continent?*"

"No; since New Zealand is only an island."

"What then?" asked Glenarvan.

"My dear Lord," replied Paganel, "I am going to translate the document according to my third interpretation, and you shall judge. I only make two observations beforehand. First, forget as much as possible preceding interpretations, and divest your mind of all preconceived notions. Second, certain parts may appear to you strained, and it is possible that I translate them badly; but they are of no importance: among others, the word *agonie,* which chokes me; but I cannot find any other explanation. Besides, my interpretation was

founded on the French document; and don't forget it was written by an Englishman, who could not be familiar with the idioms of the French language. Now then, having said this much, I will begin."

And slowly articulating each syllable, he repeated the following sentences:—

"Le 27th *Juin*, 1862, le *trois-mâts Britannia*, de *Glasgow*, a *sombré* après une longue *agonie* dans les mers *australes* sur les côtes de la Nouvelle *Zélande*—in English, *Zealand*. *Deux matelots* et le *Capitaine Grant* ont pu y *abor*der. Là, *contin*uellement en *pro*ie à une *cruel*le *indi*gence, ils ont *jeté ce document* par—— *de lon*gitude *et* 37° 11′ de *lati*tude. *Venez à leur* secours, ou ils sont *perdus!*" *

Paganel stopped. His interpretation was admissible. But precisely because it appeared as likely as the preceding, it might be as false. Glenarvan and the Major did not then try and discuss it. However, since no traces of the *Britannia* had yet been met with, either on the Patagonian or Australian coasts, at the points where these countries are crossed by the 37th parallel, the chances were in favour of New Zealand.

"Now, Paganel," said Glenarvan, "will you tell me why you have kept this interpretation secret for nearly two months?"

* On the 27th of June, 1862, the three-mast vessel *Britannia*, of Glasgow, has foundered after a long *agonie* in the Southern Seas, on the coast of New Zealand. Two sailors and Captain Grant have succeeded in landing. Continually a prey to cruel indigence, they have thrown this document into the sea in —— longitude and 37° 11′ latitude. Come to their help, or they are lost.

"Because I did not wish to buoy you up again with vain hopes. Besides, we were going to Auckland, to the very spot indicated by the latitude of the document."

"But since then, when we were dragged out of the route, why did you not speak?"

"Because, however just the interpretation, it could do nothing for the deliverance of the captain."

"Why not, Paganel?"

"Because, admitting that the captain was wrecked on the New Zealand coast, now that two years have passed and he has not reappeared, he must have perished by shipwreck or by the New Zealanders."

"Then you are of opinion," said Glenarvan, "that——"

"That vestiges of the wreck might be found; but that the survivors of the *Britannia* have, beyond doubt, perished."

"Keep all this silent, friends," said Glenarvan, "and let me choose a fitting moment to communicate these sad tidings to Captain Grant's children."

CHAPTER XX.

A CRY IN THE NIGHT.

THE crew soon heard that no light had been thrown on the situation of Captain Grant by the revelations of Ayrton, and it caused profound disappointment, for they had counted on the quartermaster, and the quartermaster knew nothing which could put the *Duncan* on the right track.

The yacht therefore continued her course. They had yet to select the island for Ayrton's banishment.

Paganel and John Mangles consulted the charts on board, and exactly on the 37th parallel found a little isle marked by the name of Maria Theresa, a sunken rock in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, 3500 miles from the American coast, and 1500 miles from New Zealand. The nearest land on the north was the Archipelago of Pomotou, under the protectorate of France; on the south, there was nothing but the eternal ice-belt of the Polar Sea. No ship would come to reconnoitre this solitary isle. No echoes from the world would ever reach it. The storm birds only would

rest awhile on it during their long flight, and in many charts the rock was not even marked.

If ever complete isolation was to be found on earth, it was on this little out-of the-way island. Ayrton was informed of its situation, and expressed his willingness to live there apart from his fellows. The head of the vessel was in consequence turned towards it immediately.

Two days later, at two o'clock, the man on watch signalled land on the horizon. This was Maria Theresa, a low, elongated island, scarcely raised above the waves, and looking like an enormous whale. It was still thirty miles distant from the yacht, but her stem was rapidly cutting her way over the water at the rate of sixteen knots an hour.

Gradually the form of the island grew more distinct on the horizon. The orb of day sinking in the west, threw up its peculiar outlines in sharp relief. A few peaks of no great elevation stood out here and there, tipped with sunlight.

At five o'clock John Mangles could discern a light smoke rising from it.

"Is it a volcano, Paganel?" he asked, who was gazing at this new land through his telescope.

"I don't know what to think," replied the geographer; "Maria Theresa is a spot little known; nevertheless, it would not be surprising if its origin were due to some submarine upheaval, and consequently it may be volcanic."

"But in that case," said Glenarvan, "is there not

reason to fear that if an eruption produced it, an eruption may carry it away?"

"That is not possible," replied Paganel. "We know of its existence for several centuries, which is our security. When the Isle Julia emerged from the Mediterranean, it did not remain long above the waves, and disappeared a few months after its birth."

"Very good," said Glenarvan. "Do you think, John, we can get there to-night?"

"No, your Honour, I must not risk the *Duncan* in the dark, for I am unacquainted with the coast. I will keep under steam, but go very slowly, and to-morrow at daybreak, we can send off a boat."

At eight o'clock in the morning Maria Theresa, though five miles to leeward, appeared only an elongated shadow, scarcely visible. The *Duncan* was always getting nearer.

At nine o'clock, a bright glare became visible, and flames shot up through the darkness. The light was steady and continued.

"That confirms the supposition of a volcano," said Paganel, observing it attentively.

"Yet," replied John Mangles, "at this distance we ought to hear the noise which always accompanies an eruption, and the east wind brings no sound whatever to our ear."

"That's true," said Paganel. "It is a volcano that blazes, but does not speak. The gleam seems intermittent too sometimes, like that of a light-house."

"You are right," said John Mangles, "and yet we are not on a lighted coast."

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "another fire! On the shore this time! Look! It moves! It has changed its place!"

John was not mistaken. A fresh fire had appeared, which seemed to die out now and then, and suddenly flare up again.

"Is the island inhabited then?" said Glenarvan.

"By savages, evidently," replied Paganel.

"But in that case, we cannot leave the quartermaster there."

"No," replied the Major, "he would be too bad a gift even to bestow on savages."

"We must find some other uninhabited island," said Glenarvan, who could not help smiling at the delicacy of McNabbs. "I promised Ayrton his life, and I mean to keep my promise."

"At all events, don't let us trust them," added Paganel. "The New Zealanders have the barbarous custom of deceiving ships by moving lights, like the wreckers on the Cornish coast in former times. Now, the natives of Maria Theresa may have heard of this proceeding."

"Keep her off a point," called out John to the man at the helm. "To-morrow at sunrise we shall know what we're about."

At 11 o'clock, the passengers and John Mangles retired to their cabins. In the forepart of the yacht the

man on watch was pacing the deck, while aft, there was no one but the man at the wheel.

At this moment Mary Grant and Robert came on the poop.

The two children of the captain, leaning over the rail gazed sadly at the phosphorescent waves and the luminous wake of the *Duncan*. Mary was thinking of her brother's future, and Robert of his sister's. Their father was uppermost in the minds of both. Was this idolized parent still in existence? Must they give him up? But no, for what would life be without him? What would become of them without him? What would have become of them already, but for Lord Glenarvan and Lady Helena?

The young boy, old above his years through trouble, divined the thoughts that troubled his sister, and taking her hand in his own, said :—

"Mary, we must never despair. Remember the lessons our father gave us. Keep your courage up and no matter what befalls you. Let us show this obstinate courage which can rise above everything. Up to this time, sister, you have been working for me, it is my turn now, and I will work for you."

"Dear Robert!" replied the young girl.

"I must tell you something," resumed Robert. "You mustn't be vexed, Mary?"

"Why should I be vexed, my child?"

"And you will let me do it?"

"What do you mean?" said Mary, getting uneasy.

"Sister, I am going to be a sailor!"

"You are going to leave me!" cried the young girl, pressing her brother's hand.

"Yes, sister, I want to be a sailor like my father and Captain John. Mary, dear Mary, Captain John has not lost all hope, he says. You have confidence in his devotion to us, and so have I. He is going to make a grand sailor of me some day, he has promised me he will; and then we are going to look for our father together. Tell me you are willing, sister mine. What our father would have done for us, it is our duty, mine, at least, to do for him. My life has one purpose to which it should be entirely consecrated—that is to search, and never cease searching for my father who would never have given us up! Ah, Mary, how good our father was!"

"And so noble, so generous!" added Mary. "Do you know, Robert, he was already a glory to our country, and that he would have been numbered among her great men if fate had not arrested his course."

"Yes, I know it," said Robert.

Mary put her arm round the boy, and hugged him fondly as he felt her tears fall on his forehead.

"Mary, Mary," he cried, "it doesn't matter what our friends say, I still hope, and will always hope. A man like my father doesn't die till he has finished his work."

Mary Grant could not reply. Sobs choked her voice. A thousand feelings struggled in her breast at the news that fresh attempts were about to be made to

recover Harry Grant, and that the devotion of the captain was so unbounded.

"And does Mr. John still hope?" she asked.

"Yes," replied Robert. "He is a brother that will never forsake us, never! I will be a sailor, you'll say yes, won't you, sister? and let me join him in looking for my father. I am sure you are willing."

"Yes, I am willing," said Mary. "But the separation!" she murmured.

"You will not be alone, Mary, I know that. My friend John told me so. Lady Helena will not let you leave her. You are a woman; you can and should accept her kindness. To refuse would be ungrateful, but a man, my father has said a hundred times, must make his own way."

"But what will become of our own dear home in Dundee, so full of memories?"

"We will keep it, little sister! All that is settled, and settled so well, by our friend John, and also by Lord Glenarvan. He is to keep you at Malcolm Castle as if you were his daughter. My Lord told my friend John so, and he told me. You will be at home there, and have some one to speak to about our father, while you are waiting till John and I bring him back to you some day. Ah, what a grand day that will be!" exclaimed Robert, his face glowing with enthusiasm.

"My boy, my brother," replied Mary, "how happy my father would be, if he could hear you. How much you are like him, dear Robert, like our dear, dear father. When you grow up, you'll be just himself."

"I hope I may," said Robert, blushing with filial and sacred pride.

"But how shall we requite Lord and Lady Glenarvan?" said Mary Grant.

"Oh, that will not be difficult," replied Robert, with boyish confidence. "We will love and revere them, and we will tell them so; and we will give them plenty of kisses, and some day, when we can get the chance, we will die for them."

"We'll live for them, on the contrary," replied the young girl, covering her brother's forehead with kisses. "They will like that better, and so shall I."

The two children then relapsed into silence, gazing out into the dark night, and giving way to long reveries, interrupted occasionally by a question or remark from the one to the other. A long swell undulated the surface of the calm sea, and the screw turned up a luminous furrow in the darkness.

A strange and altogether supernatural incident now occurred. The brother and sister, by some of those magnetic communications which link souls mysteriously together, were the subjects at the same time and the same instant of the same hallucination.

Out of the midst of these waves, with their alternations of light and shadow, a deep, plaintive voice sent up a cry, the tones of which thrilled through every fibre of their being.

"Come! come!" were the words which fell on their ears.

They both started up and leant over the railing, and peered into the gloom with questioning eyes.

"Mary, you heard that? You heard that?" cried Robert.

But they saw nothing but the long shadow which stretched before them.

"Robert," said Mary, pale with emotion, "I thought . . . . . yes, I thought as you did, that. . . . . We must both be ill with fever, Robert."

A second time the cry reached them, and this time the illusion was so great, that they both exclaimed simultaneously:—

"My father! My father!"

It was too much for Mary. Overcome with emotion, she fell fainting in Robert's arms.

"Help!" shouted Robert. "My sister! my father! Help! help!"

The man at the wheel darted forward to lift up the girl. The sailors on watch ran to assist, and John Mangles, Lady Helena, and Glenarvan were hastily roused from sleep.

"My sister is dying, and my father is there!" exclaimed Robert, pointing to the waves.

They were wholly at a loss to understand him.

"Yes!" he repeated, "my father is there! I heard my father's voice; Mary heard it too!"

Just at that moment, Mary Grant recovering consciousness, but wandering and excited, called out,

"My father! my father is there!"

And the poor girl started up, and leaning over the

side of the yacht, wanted to throw herself into the sea.

"My Lord—Lady Helena!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands, "I tell you my father is there! I can declare that I heard his voice come out of the waves like a wail, as if it were a last adieu."

The poor girl went off again into convulsions and spasms, which became so violent that she had to be carried to her cabin, where Lady Helena lavished every care on her. Robert kept on repeating,

"My father! my father is there! I am sure of it, my Lord!"

The spectators of this painful scene saw that the captain's children were labouring under an hallucination. But how were they to be undeceived?

"Glenarvan made an attempt, however. He took Robert's hand, and said,

"You say you heard your father's voice, my dear boy?"

"Yes, my Lord; there, in the middle of the waves He cried out, 'Come! come!'"

"And did you recognize his voice?"

"Yes, I recognized it immediately. Yes, yes; I can swear to it! My sister heard it, and recognized it as well. How could we both be deceived? My Lord, do let us go to my father's help. A boat! a boat!"

Glenarvan saw it was impossible to undeceive the poor boy, but he tried once more by saying to the man at the wheel.

"Hawkins," he said, "you were at the wheel,

were you not, when Miss Mary was so strangely attacked?"

"Yes, your Honour," replied Hawkins.

"And you heard nothing, and saw nothing?"

"Nothing."

"Now, Robert, see."

"If it had been Hawkins's father," returned the boy, with indomitable energy, "Hawkins would not say he had heard nothing. It was my father, my Lord! my father, my father."

Sobs choked his voice; he became pale and silent, and presently fell down insensible, like his sister.

Glenarvan had him carried to his bed, where he lay in a deep swoon.

"Poor orphans," said John Mangles. "It is a terrible trial they have to bear!"

"Yes," said Glenarvan; "excessive grief has produced the same hallucination in both of them and at the same time."

"In both of them!" muttered Paganel; "that's strange, and pure science would say inadmissible."

He leaned over the side of the vessel, and listened attentively, making a sign to the rest to keep still.

But profound silence reigned around. Paganel shouted his loudest. No response came.

"It is strange," repeated the geographer, going back to his cabin. "Close sympathy in thought and grief does not suffice to explain this phenomenon."

Next day, March 4th, at 5 a.m., at dawn, the passengers, including Mary and Robert, who would not

stay behind, were all assembled on the poop, each one eager to examine the land they had only caught a glimpse of the night before.

The yacht was coasting along the island at the distance of about a mile, and its smallest details could be seen by the eye.

Suddenly Robert gave a loud cry, and exclaimed he could see two men running about and gesticulating, and a third was waving a flag.

"The Union Jack," said John Mangles, who had caught up a spy-glass.

"True enough!" said Paganel, turning sharply round towards Robert.

"My Lord," said Robert, trembling with emotion, "if you don't want me to swim to the shore, let a boat be lowered. Oh, my Lord, I implore you to let me be the first to land."

No one dared to speak. What! on this little isle, crossed by the 37th parallel, there were three men, shipwrecked Englishmen! Instantaneously, every one thought of the voice heard by Robert and Mary the preceding night. The children were right, perhaps, in the affirmation. The sound of a voice might have reached them, but this voice—was it their father's? No, alas! most assuredly no. And as they thought of the dreadful disappointment that awaited them, they trembled lest this new trial should crush them completely. But who could stop them from going on shore? Lord Glenarvan had not the heart to do it.

"Lower a boat," he called out.

Another minute and the boat was ready. The two children of Captain Grant, Glenarvan, John Mangles, and Paganel, rushed into it, and six sailors, who rowed so vigorously, that they were presently almost close to the shore.

At ten fathoms' distance a piercing cry broke from Mary's lips.

"My father!" she exclaimed.

A man was standing on the beach, between two others. His tall, powerful form, and his physiognomy, with its mingled expression of boldness and gentleness, bore a resemblance both to Mary and Robert. This was indeed the man the children had so often described. Their hearts had not deceived them. This was their father, Captain Grant!

The captain had heard Mary's cry, for he held out his arms, and fell flat on the sand, as if struck by a thunderbolt.

CHAPTER XXI.

ISLE TABOR.

Joy does not kill, for both father and children recovered before they had reached the yacht. The scene which followed, who can describe? Language fails. The whole crew wept aloud at the sight of these three clasped together in a close, silent embrace.

The moment Harry Grant came on deck he knelt down reverently. The pious Scotchman's first act on touching the yacht, which to him was the soil of his native land, was to return thanks to the God of his deliverance. Then, turning to Lady Helena and Lord Glenarvan and his companions, he thanked them in broken words, for his heart was too full to speak. During the short passage from the isle to the yacht, his children had given him a brief sketch of the *Duncan's* history.

What an immense debt he owed to this noble lady and her friends! From Lord Glenarvan, down to the lowest sailor on board, how all had struggled and suffered for him! Harry Grant expressed his gratitude with such simplicity and nobleness, his manly face suffused with pure and sweet emotion, that the whole

crew felt amply recompensed for the trials they had undergone. Even the impassible Major himself felt a tear steal down his cheek in spite of all his self-command; while the good, simple Paganel cried like a child, who does not care who sees his tears.

Harry Grant could not take his eyes off his daughter. He thought her beautiful, charming; and he not only said so to himself, but repeated it aloud, and appealed to Lady Helena for confirmation of his opinion, as if to convince himself that he was not blinded by his paternal affection. His boy, too, came in for admiration. "How he has grown! he is a man!" was his delighted exclamation. And he covered the two children so dear to him with the kisses he had been heaping up for them during his two years of absence.

Robert then presented all his friends successively, and found means always to vary the formula of introduction, though he had to say the same thing about each. The fact was, each and all had been perfect in the children's eyes.

John Mangles blushed like a child when his turn came, and his voice trembled as he spoke to Mary's father.

Lady Helena gave Captain Grant a narrative of the voyage, and made him proud of his son and daughter. She told him of the young hero's exploits, and how the lad had already paid back part of the paternal debt to Lord Glenarvan. John Mangles sang Mary's praises in such terms, that Harry Grant, acting on a hint from Lady Helena, put his daughter's hand into that of the

brave young captain, and turning to Lord and Lady Glenarvan, said,

"My Lord, and you, Madam, also give your blessing to our children."

When everything had been said and re-said over and over again, Glenarvan informed Harry Grant about Ayrton. Grant confirmed the quartermaster's confession, as far as his disembarkation on the coast of Australia was concerned.

"He is an intelligent, intrepid man," he added, "whose passions have led him astray. May reflection and repentance bring him to a better mind!"

But before Ayrton was transferred, Harry Grant wished to do the honours of his rock to his friends. He invited them to visit his wooden house, and dine with him in Robinson Crusoe fashion.

Glenarvan and his friends accepted the invitation most willingly. Robert and Mary were eagerly longing to see the solitary house where their father had so often wept at the thought of them.

A boat was manned, and the captain and his two children, Lord and Lady Glenarvan, the Major, John Mangles, and Paganel landed on the shores of the island.

A few hours sufficed to explore the whole domain of Harry Grant. It was in fact the summit of a submarine mountain, a plateau composed of basaltic rocks and volcanic *debris*. During the geological epochs of the earth, this mountain had gradually emerged from the depths of the Pacific, through the action of subter-

ranean fires, but for ages back, the volcano had been a peaceful mountain, and the filled-up crater, an island rising out of the liquid plain. Then soil formed. The vegetable kingdom took possession of this new land. Several whalers landed domestic animals there in passing; goats and pigs which multiplied and ran wild, and the three kingdoms of nature were now displayed on this island, sunk in mid ocean.

When the survivors of the shipwrecked *Britannia* took refuge there, the hand of man began to organize the efforts of nature. In two years and a half, Harry Grant and his two sailors had metamorphosed the island. Several acres of well-cultivated land were stocked with vegetables of excellent quality.

The house was shaded by luxuriant gum trees. The magnificent ocean stretched before the windows, sparkling in the sunlight. Harry Grant had the table placed beneath the grand trees, and all the guests seated themselves. A hind quarter of a goat, nardou bread, several bowls of milk, two or three roots of wild endive, and pure fresh water composed the simple repast, worthy of the shepherds of Arcadia.

Paganel was enchanted. His old fancies about Robinson Crusoe revived in full force, "He is not at all to be pitied, that scoundrel, Ayrton!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "This little isle is just a paradise!"

"Yes," replied Harry Grant, "a paradise to these poor, shipwrecked fellows that heaven had pity on, but I am sorry that Maria Theresa was not an extensive

and fertile island, with a river instead of a stream, and port instead of a tiny bay exposed to the open sea."

"And why, captain?" asked Glenarvan.

"Because I should have made it the foundation of the colony with which I mean to dower Scotland."

"Ah, Captain Grant, you have not given up the project then which made you so popular in our old country."

"No, my Lord, and God has only saved me through your efforts that I might accomplish my task. My poor brothers in old Caledonia, all who are needy must have a refuge provided for them in another land against their misery, and my dear country must have a colony of her own, for herself alone, somewhere in these seas, where she may find that independence and comfort she so lacks in Europe."

"Ah, that is very true, Captain Grant," said Lady Helena. "This is a grand project of yours, and worthy of a noble heart. But this little isle——"

"No, Madam, it is a rock only fit at most to support a few settlers; while what we need is a vast country, whose virgin soil abounds in untouched stores of wealth."

"Well, captain," exclaimed Glenarvan, "the future is ours, and this country we will seek for together."

And the two brave Scotchmen joined hands in a hearty grip and so sealed the compact.

A general wish was expressed to hear, while they were on the island, the account of the shipwreck of the

Britannia, and of the two years spent by the survivors in this very place.

Harry Grant was delighted to gratify their curiosity, and commenced his narration forthwith.

"My story," he said, "is that of all the Robinson Crusoes cast upon an island, with only God and themselves to rely on, and feeling it a duty to struggle for life with the elements.

"It was during the night of the 26th or 27th of June, 1862, that the *Britannia,* disabled by a six days' storm, struck against the rocks of Maria Theresa. The sea was mountains high, and life-boats were useless. My unfortunate crew all perished except Bob Learce and Joe Bell, who with myself managed to reach shore after twenty unsuccessful attempts.

"The land which received us was only an uninhabited island, two miles broad and five long, with about thirty trees in the interior, a few meadows, and a brook of fresh water, which fortunately never dried up. Alone with my sailors, in this corner of the globe, I did not despair. I put my trust in God, and accustomed myself to struggle resolutely for existence. Bob and Joe, my brave companions in misfortune, my friends, seconded me energetically.

"We began like the fictitious Robinson Crusoe of Defoe, our model, by collecting the planks of the ship, the tools, a little powder, and firearms, and a bag of precious seeds. The first few days were painful enough, but hunting and fishing soon afforded us a sure supply of food, for wild goats were in abundance in the interior

of the island, and marine animals abounded on the coast. By degrees we fell into regular ways and habits of life.

"I had saved my instruments from the wreck, and knew exactly the position of the island. I found we were out of the route of vessels, and could not be rescued unless by some providential chance. I accepted our trying lot, composedly, always thinking, however, of my dear ones, remembering them every day in my prayers, though never hoping to see them again.

"However we toiled on resolutely, and before long, several acres of land were sown with the seed off the *Britannia;* potatoes, endive, sorrel, and other vegetables besides, gave wholesome variety to our daily fare. We caught some young kids, which soon grew quite tame. We had milk and butter. The nardou, which grew abundantly in dried up creeks, supplied us with tolerably substantial bread, and we had no longer any fears for our material life.

"We had built a log hut with the *debris* of the *Britannia*, and this was covered over with sail cloth, carefully tarred over, and beneath this secure shelter the rainy season passed comfortably. Many a plan was discussed here, and many a dream indulged in, the brightest of which in this day realized.

"I had at first the idea of trying to brave the perils of the ocean in a canoe made out of the spars of the ship, but 1500 miles lay between us and the nearest coast, that is to say the islands of the Archipelago of Pomotou. No boat could have stood so long a voyage.

I therefore relinquished my scheme, and looked for no deliverance except from a divine hand.

"Ah, my poor children! how often we have stood on the top of the rocks and watched the few vessels passing in the distance far out at sea. During the whole period of our exile, only two or three vessels appeared on the horizon, and those only to disappear again immediately. Two years and a half were spent in this manner. We gave up hoping, but yet did not despair. At last early yesterday morning, when I was standing on the highest peak of the island, I noticed a light smoke rising in the west. It increased, and soon a ship appeared in sight. It seemed to be coming towards us. But would it not rather steer clear of an island where there was no harbour.

"Ah, what a day of agony that was! My heart was almost bursting, my comrades kindled a fire on one of the peaks. Night came on, but no signal came from the yacht. Deliverance was there, however. Were we to see it vanish from our eyes?

"I hesitated no longer. The darkness was growing deeper. The ship might double the island during the night. I jumped into the sea, and attempted to make my way towards it. Hope trebled my strength, I cleft the waves with superhuman vigour, and had got so near the yacht that I was scarcely thirty fathoms off when it tacked about.

"This provoked me to the despairing cry, which only my two children heard. It was no illusion.

"Then I came back to the shore, exhausted and

overcome with emotion and fatigue. My two sailors received me half dead. It was a horrible night this last we spent on the island, and we believed ourselves abandoned for ever, when day dawned, and there was the yacht sailing nearly alongside, under easy steam. Your boat was lowered—we were saved—and, oh, wonder of Divine goodness, my children, my beloved children, were there holding out their arms to me!"

Robert and Mary almost smothered their father with kisses and caresses as he ended his narrative.

It was now for the first time that the captain heard that he owed his deliverance to the somewhat hieroglyphical document which he had placed in a bottle and confided to the mercy of the ocean.

But what were Jacques Paganel's thoughts during Captain Grant's recital? The worthy geographer was turning over in his brain for the thousandth time the words of the document. He pondered his three successive interpretations, all of which had proved false. How had this island, called Maria Theresa, been indicated in the papers originally?

At last Paganel could contain himself no longer, and seizing Harry Grant's hand, he exclaimed,

"Captain! will you tell me at last what really was in your indecipherable document?"

A general curiosity was excited by this question of the geographer, for the enigma which had been for nine months a mystery was about to be explained.

"Well, captain," repeated Paganel, "do you remember the precise words of the document?"

"Exactly," replied Harry Grant; "and not a day has passed without my recalling to memory words with which our last hopes were linked."

"And what are they, captain?" asked Glenarvan. "Speak, for our *amour propre* is wounded to the quick?"

"I am ready to satisfy you," replied Harry Grant; "but, you know, to multiply the chances of safety, I had enclosed three documents in the bottle, in three different languages. Which is it you wish to hear?"

"They are not identical, then?" cried Paganel.

"Yes, they are, almost to a word."

"Well, then, let us have the French document," replied Glenarvan. "That is the one that was most respected by the waves, and the one on which our interpretations have been mostly founded."

"My Lord, I will give it you word for word," replied Harry Grant.

"*Le 27 Juin, 1862, le trois-mâts Britannia, de Glasgow, s'est perdu à quinze cents lieues de la Patagonie, dans l'hémisphère austral. Portés à terre, deux matelots et le Capitaine Grant ont atteint l'île Tabor*——"

"Oh!" exclaimed Paganel.

"*Là,*" continued Harry Grant, "*continuellement en proie à une cruelle indigence, ils ont jeté ce document par* 153° *de longitude et* 37° 11′ *de latitude. Venez à leur secours, ou ils sont perdus.*"

At the name Tabor, Paganel had started up hastily, and now, unable to restrain himself longer, he called out,—

"How can it be Isle Tabor? Why, this is Maria Theresa!"

"Undoubtedly, Monsieur Paganel," replied Harry Grant. "It is Maria Theresa on the English and German charts, but is named Tabor on the French ones!"

At this moment a vigorous thump on Paganel's shoulder almost bent him double. Truth obliges us to say it was the Major that dealt the blow, though strangely contrary to his usual strict politeness.

"Geographer!" said McNabbs, in a tone of the most supreme contempt.

But Paganel had not even felt the Major's hand. What was that compared to the geographical blow which had stunned him?

He had been gradually getting nearer the truth, however, as he learnt from Captain Grant. He had had almost entirely deciphered the indecipherable document. The names, Patagonia, Australia, New Zealand, had appeared to him in turn with absolute certainty. *Contin,* at first *continent,* had gradually reached its true meaning, *continuelle. Indi* had successively signified *indiens, indigènes,* and at last the right word was found —*indigence.* But one mutilated word, *abor,* had baffled the geographer's sagacity. Paganel had persisted in making it the root of the verb *aborder*, and it turned out to be a proper name, the French name of the Isle Tabor, the isle which had been a refuge for the shipwrecked sailors of the *Britannia.* It was difficult to avoid falling into the error, however, for on the English

planispheres on the *Duncan*, the little isle was marked Maria Theresa.

"No matter!" cried Paganel, tearing his hair; "I ought not to have forgotten its double appellation. It is an unpardonable mistake, one unworthy of a Secretary of the Geographical Society! I am disgraced!"

"Come, come, Monsieur Paganel," said Lady Helena; "moderate your grief."

"No, Madam, no; I am a mere ass!"

"And not even a learned one!" added the Major, by way of consolation.

When the meal was over, Harry Grant put everything in order in his house. He took nothing away, wishing the guilty to inherit the riches of the innocent. Then they returned to the vessel; and, as Glenarvan had determined to start the same day, he gave immediate orders for the disembarkation of the quartermaster. Ayrton was brought up on the poop, and found himself face to face with Harry Grant.

"It is I, Ayrton!" said Grant.

"Yes, it is you, captain," replied Ayrton, without the least sign of surprise at Harry Grant's recovery. "Well, I am not sorry to see you again in good health."

"It seems, Ayrton, that I made a mistake in landing you on an inhabited coast."

"It seems so, captain."

"You are going to take my place on this uninhabited island. May heaven give you repentance!"

"Amen," said Ayrton, calmly.

Glenarvan then addressed the quartermaster.

"It is still your wish, then, Ayrton, to be left behind?"

"Yes, my Lord!"

"And Isle Tabor meets your wishes?"

"Perfectly."

"Now then, listen to my last words, Ayrton. You will be cut off here from all the world, and no communication with your fellows is possible. Miracles are rare, and you will not be able to quit this isle. You will be alone, with no eye upon you but that of God, who reads the deepest secrets of the heart; but you will be neither lost nor forsaken, as Captain Grant was. Unworthy as you are of any one's remembrance, you will not be dropped out of recollection. I know where you are, Ayrton, I know where to find you—I shall never forget."

"God keep your Honour," was all Ayrton's reply.

These were the final words exchanged between Glenarvan and the quartermaster. The boat was ready, and Ayrton got into it.

John Mangles had previously conveyed to the island several cases of preserved food, besides clothing, and tools, and firearms, and a supply of powder and shot. The quartermaster could commence a new life of honest labour. Nothing was lacking, not even books; among others, the Bible, so dear to English hearts.

The parting hour had come. The crew and all the

passengers were assembled on deck. More than one felt his heart swell with emotion. Mary Grant and Lady Helena could not restrain their feelings.

"Must it be done?" said the young wife to her husband. "Must the poor man be left there?"

"He must, Helena," replied Lord Glenarvan. "It is the expiation of his crimes."

At that moment the boat, in charge of John Mangles, turned away. Ayrton, who remained standing, and still unmoved, took off his cap and bowed gravely.

Glenarvan uncovered, and all the crew followed his example, as if in presence of a man who was about to die, and the boat went off in profound silence.

On reaching land, Ayrton jumped on the sandy shore, and the boat returned to the yacht. It was then four o'clock in the afternoon, and from the poop the passengers could see the quartermaster gazing at the ship, standing with folded arms on a rock, motionless as a statue.

"Shall we set sail, my Lord?" asked John Mangles.

"Yes, John," replied Glenarvan, hastily, more moved than he cared to show.

"Go on!" shouted John to the engineer.

The steam hissed and puffed out, the screw began to stir the waves, and by eight o'clock the last peaks of Isle Tabor disappeared in the shadows of the night.

CHAPTER XXII.

JACQUES PAGANEL'S LAST FREAK.

On the 19th of March, eleven days after leaving the island, the *Duncan* sighted the American coast, and next day dropped anchor in the bay of Talcahuano. They had come back again after a voyage of five months, during which, and keeping strictly along the 37th parallel, they had gone round the world. The passengers in this memorable expedition, unprecedented in the annals of the Travellers' Club, had visited Chili, the Pampas, the Argentine Republic, the Atlantic, the island of Tristan d'Acunha, the Indian Ocean, Amsterdam Island, Australia, New Zealand, Isle Tabor, and the Pacific. Their search had not been fruitless, for they were bringing back the survivors of the shipwrecked *Britannia*.

Not one of the brave Scots who set out at the summons of their chief, but could answer to their names; all were returning to their old Scotia.

As soon as the *Duncan* had been re-provisioned, she sailed along the coast of Patagonia, doubled Cape Horn, and made a swift run up the Atlantic Ocean.

No voyage could be more devoid of incident. The yacht was simply carrying home a cargo of happiness.

There was no secret now on board, not even John Mangles' attachment to Mary Grant.

Yes, there was one mystery still, which greatly excited McNabbs' curiosity. Why was it that Paganel remained always hermetically fastened up in his clothes, with a big comforter round his throat and up to his very ears? The Major was burning with desire to know the reason of this singular fashion. But in spite of interrogations, allusions, and suspicions on the part of McNabbs, Paganel would not unbutton.

Not even when the *Duncan* crossed the line, and the heat was so great that the seams of the deck were melting.

"He is so *distrait* that he thinks he is at St. Petersburg," said the Major, when he saw the geographer wrapped in an immense great-coat, as if the mercury had been frozen in the thermometer.

At last on the 9th of May, fifty-three days from the time of leaving Talcahuano, John Mangles sighted the lights of Cape Clear. The yacht entered St. George's Channel, crossed the Irish Sea, and on the 10th of May reached the Firth of Clyde. At 11 o'clock she dropped anchor off Dumbarton, and at 2 p.m. the passengers arrived at Malcolm Castle amidst the enthusiastic cheering of the Highlanders.

As fate would have it then, Harry Grant and his two companions were saved. John Mangles wedded Mary Grant in the old cathedral of St. Mungo, and Mr. Paxton, the same clergyman who had prayed nine months before for the deliverance of the father,

now blessed the marriage of his daughter and his deliverer. Robert was to become a sailor like Harry Grant and John Mangles, and take part with them in the captain's grand projects, under the auspices of Lord Glenarvan.

But had fate also decreed that Paganel was not to die a bachelor? Probably so.

The fact was, the learned geographer after his heroic exploits, could not escape celebrity. His blunders made quite a *furore* among the fashionables of Scotland, and he was overwhelmed with courtesies.

It was then that an amiable lady, about thirty years of age, in fact, a cousin of McNabbs, a little eccentric herself, but good and still charming, fell in love with the geographer's oddities, and offered him her hand. Forty thousand pounds went with it, but that was not mentioned.

Paganel was far from being insensible to the sentiments of Miss Arabella, but yet he did not dare to speak.

It was the Major who was the medium of communication between these two souls, evidently made for each other. He even told Paganel that his marriage was the last freak he would be able to allow himself.

Paganel was in a great state of embarrassment, but strangely enough could not make up his mind to speak the fatal word.

"Does not Miss Arabella please you then?" asked McNabbs.

"Oh, Major, she is charming," exclaimed Paganel,

"a thousand times too charming, and if I must tell you all, she would please me better if she were less so. I wish she had a defect!"

"Be easy on that score," replied the Major, "she has, and more than one. The most perfect woman in the world has always her quota. So, Paganel, it is settled then, I suppose?"

"I dare not."

"Come now, my learned friend, what makes you hesitate?"

"I am unworthy of Miss Arabella," was the invariable reply of the geographer. And to this he would stick.

At last, one day being fairly driven in a corner by the intractable Major, he ended by confiding to him, under the seal of secresy, a certain peculiarity which would facilitate his apprehension should the police ever be on the track.

"Bah!" said the Major.

"It is really as I tell you," replied Paganel.

"What does it matter, my worthy friend?"

"Do you think so, Major?"

"On the contrary, it only makes you more uncommon. It adds to your personal merits. It is the very thing to make you the nonpareil husband that Arabella dreams about."

And the Major with imperturbable gravity left Paganel in a state of the utmost disquietude.

A short conversation ensued between McNabbs and Miss Arabella. A fortnight afterwards, the marriage was celebrated in grand style in the chapel of Malcolm

Castle. Paganel looked magnificent, but closely buttoned up, and Miss Arabella was arrayed in splendor.

And this secret of the geographer would have been for ever buried in oblivion, if the Major had not mentioned it to Glenarvan, and he could not hide it from Lady Helena, who gave a hint to Mrs. Mangles. To make a long story short, it got in the end to M. Olbinett's ears and soon became noised abroad.

Jacques Paganel, during his three days' captivity among the Maories, had been tattooed from the feet to the shoulders, and he bore on his chest a heraldic kiwi, with outspread wings, which was biting at his heart.

This was the only adventure of his grand voyage that Paganel could never get over, and he always bore a grudge to New Zealand on account of it. It was for this reason too, that, notwithstanding solicitations and regrets, he never would return to France. He dreaded lest he should expose the whole Geographical Society in his person to the jests of caricaturists and low newspapers, by their secretary coming back tattooed.

The return of the captain to Scotland was a national event, and Harry Grant was soon the most popular man in old Caledonia. His son Robert became a sailor like himself and Captain Mangles, and under the patronage of Lord Glenarvan they resumed the project of founding a Scotch colony in the Southern Seas.

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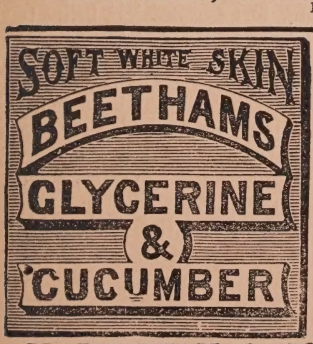

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